State Library 1911 00

McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLV — SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1908. — NO. 49

TWO HUNDRED LIVES LOST IN MINE DISASTER

Explosion in the Pittsburgh-Buffalo Mine at Marianna.

124 BODIES HAVE BEEN RECOVERED

Only One Man Rescued and He Is Insane—Work of Recovering the Bodies Is Slow—Number of Dead Not Yet Known.

The saddest town in the United States to-day is Marianna, where is located all that remains of the Pittsburg-Buffalo coal mine. Saturday morning Marianna was a happy and prosperous little mining town near Monongahela, Pa., but that afternoon a terrible explosion occurred in the mine and to-day that town is filled with widows and orphans.

Up to the present time it is not known how many men lost their lives in this terrible disaster and the exact number may never be ascertained, owing to the mangled and dismembered parts of bodies that are being removed. According to last reports 124 bodies have been removed from the mine, and it is claimed that there are from 15 to 25 more bodies in sight in the mine that cannot be reached at present, and besides there are others supposed to be completely buried beneath the debris. When all are accounted for it will not be surprising if the number of dead reaches 200.

The only man who has been brought alive from the mine is Frank Ettinger, who was found Sunday night in that part of the mine, where the dead are the thickest. Ettinger was [illegible] and his reason is [illegible] from the terrible strain of being imprisoned with his dead comrades. He is now in the Monongahela hospital, raving maniac. His wife and four children, who live in an interior town in England, have been sent for by the company and they are hurrying to his bedside in hopes of being the means of restoring him to health and reason.

At times Ettinger is partly rational, and during one of these periods he made the following statement: "I was passing through one of the entries about 160 yards from the shaft, when something hit me. I had no time to think. I heard no noise. I must have been blown 75 yards through a passage by the air from the explosion and the first wave of air must have knocked me unconscious before the noise of the explosion reached me. I don't know what time I came to. It seems like a million years from the time I regained consciousness until I heard them coming for me. I fell over scores of bodies as I crawled around through the mine in the dark. I don't know how it was that I escaped, but I'm glad that I'm alive."

One of the first bodies to be recovered was that of John J. Ivill, Jr., favorite nephew of John H. Johns, millionaire owner of the mine. His body was brought up by his father and uncle. Ivill, who was 23 years old, wanted to learn the practical side of mining and was in charge of one of the motors at the bottom of the shaft. He had recently married a pretty Pittsburg telephone girl and this was his first day at work after their honeymoon. The bride is prostrated with grief.

In a cold, drizzling rain the men who were taking out the bodies worked. There was but little excitement. The State constabulary completely surrounded the opening of the mine and held back the curious. Whenever a body was found it was tenderly lifted up and carried to the boiler house which had been turned into a temporary morgue. Admission was denied everyone at the boiler house and the weeping women would become hysterical. At the mouth of the mine stood Father Barto Marcello of St. Anthony's church, awaiting to receive any person in whom there might yet be life, but he was not needed. Wives, mothers and sweethearts, who had relatives in the mine came occasionally and with wan faces looked longingly. When they were assured that none of the bodies of their relatives had been recovered they went back weeping bitterly. But there was no open display of grief and this is accounted for by the fact that most of them are American women. The families of the unfortunate foreigners had not yet come from Europe.

Mrs. Johns, wife of the mine owner who is worth $25,000,000, personally attended to supplying food to the hungry relief workers and others. The large crowd of visitors on Sunday ate nearly every thing eatable in the town and carloads of supplies were ordered from Monongahela and handed out by this good woman.

While the officials assert that they do not know what caused the explosion many of the rescuers assert that while the hydraulic drill was working it opened a pocket of gas and while the gas was escaping into the mine the drill struck a piece of rock, caused a spark and the explosion followed.

The Travelers' Club.

The Smethport Travelers' Club is pursuing the line of work marked out by the Federation of Pennsylvania women in session at Pittsburg recently. The president, Mrs. T. A. Morrison, was a member of the Committee on Resolutions which among other things, proposed a $15,000 subscription to a fund to be known as the Kate Cassatt McKnight Memorial Fund. This is to provide a scholarship in Domestic Science for young women. The various committees, recommended by the Federation, have been appointed in our local club which has always made its influence felt in the Northwestern and State Federations. It is hoped that the Traveler's Club will soon be affiliated with the general Federation of the Women of the United States. Tea is to be served on Saturday next at the club house. These teas are a regular feature, occurring on alternate Saturdays and are becoming popular as a pleasant place to drop in to rest and chat and have a cup of tea or coffee when shopping in the afternoon. They are for every one who wishes to come, and a fee of ten cents is charged for the benefit of the club house fund. The regular meetings of the club are devoted to the usual literary program.

Del Bray Injured.

Del Bray, who lives on Champlain hill, near Coryville, met with a serious accident last Saturday afternoon. He was cleaning out an old oil well and was using a horse on what is known as a sweep power. While at work something gave way which forced this long arm back with terrific force. The arm or sweep struck Mr. Bray on the right arm, between the elbow and shoulder, and side, inflicting serious bruises and breaking his arm. Dr. Ostrander was called, dressed his injuries and reduced the fracture.

Mr. Bray is a large man, weighing something over three hundred pounds, and his unusual amount of adipose tissue probably saved him from being more seriously injured. Although his injuries are extremely severe and the broken arm, harder to keep in place than it would be for a man of ordinary flesh. Had this sweep struck a man of ordinary size with the same force it would have undoubtedly broken many of her bones and probably caused his death. Mr. Bray is apparently on the road to complete recovery.

Colegrove-Palmatier.

On Wednesday, December 2, 1908, at Coudersport, Rev. E. M. Snodgrass, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of that place, united in marriage, at the parsonage, Mr. W. Ross Colegrove of this borough and Miss Lelia M. Palmatier of Mina, Pa. The bride was attended by Miss Caroline H. Klein.

The happy young couple returned to Smethport last evening, where they will reside in the future. They have taken furnished rooms in the home of Oscar Engstrom for the present.

Mrs. Colegrove is a niece of A. C. Palmatier of Coudersport and has many friends in Mina and Coudersport. Mr. Colegrove is the eldest son of A. W. Colegrove and is a popular young glass bottle blower who has many friends here and in Coudersport. A host of friends in this section will unite with the MINER in wishing them a long life of happiness and prosperity.

P. E. Abbey Stricken Again.

P. E. Abbey, our wellknown townsman, suffered another stroke of paralysis last Sunday afternoon. After dinner, in company with his six-year-old son, Mr. Abbey walked over to the cemetery and after visiting that place for some time, he started for home. When a short distance out of the gate he sat down to rest with the boy beside him. Suddenly his head fell forward into the lap of his son and he lost consciousness.

The child held him in as comfortable a position as he could until some men came along and seeing his condition, summoned assistance and Mr. Abbey was taken to his home on King street in a carriage.

The stroke was a slight one and on Monday he was considerably better and has been improving ever since, and his many friends hope that he may entirely recover.

Case of Suicide.

The man who was found dead near Shinglehouse Friday was Ernest Mobley a pumper employed by the Potter Gas company. The man had evidently taken his own life by shooting himself in the head, and Coroner Sherman deemed an inquest unnecessary. Mr. Mobley had seemed in a melancholy frame of mind for some time, from worry over his work, and it is supposed that he decided to end his troubles. He borrowed a shotgun and went out, saying he was going to shoot skunk. About 11 o'clock he was found with his head nearly blown off. He had placed the muzzle of the gun to his head with his left hand and with his right pulled the trigger. Deceased was 28 years of age and leaves a wife and two little daughters.—Bradford Record.

For Sale.

Blacksmith complete. If interested write quick to Blacksmith, Lockbox 201, Narrow Escapes for Bradford People.

There was a shortage of gas in the Commercial Gas Co.'s line last night shortly before 11 o'clock, says yesterday morning's Bradford Era, and as a result stoves connected with that line were without fuel for an hour. Lights went out and the telephones began to ring. People who had not yet retired wished to know what had occurred.

Officials of the Commercial Gas Co. were soon notified and an immediate investigation followed. It was learned that there was trouble on the main line out toward Lewis Run. The difficulty was rectified and gas was again on tap. Then came quite a scare.

What would happen to persons in whose houses the supply had been shut off? Were they to be forced to inhale the deadly fumes which again were pouring into their cold stoves or through open gas jets? These were the questions of the hour.

The fire alarm bell and electric light works whistle were sounded, "loud and long," to waken the people so they would know what to do. Public spirited citizens went about from house to house, arousing the sleeping inmates. Telephones were used for the same purpose.

These precautions were effective in the matter of preventing possible conflagrations—and it is believed that there have been no cases of asphyxiation.

The police and firemen rendered excellent service and private citizens in large numbers showed that they were interested in the welfare of their neighbors. In some instances reports were made of families soundly sleeping, whose houses were filled with escaping gas. It is probable that many will have headaches today.

The local telephone operators had a strenuous experience and they rendered most excellent service. It was an occasion when the phone served a very important purpose.

Turkey and Thanksgiving.

Herman Fell is responsible for a pretty tall story about the intelligence of turkeys at Thanksgiving time but as he positively asserts that the story is absolutely true, we give it to our readers.

He says that George Brennan raised a number of turkeys this fall and having more than his family needed, bargained several to his neighbors for the Thanksgiving feast. As these birds had always been content with roosting in the hen house, he took no trouble to shut them up ahead of time, never thinking he would not find them there Wednesday evening when he was to kill and deliver them. He was somewhat surprised that night when he went into the hen house and found every turkey gone. A search located them all roosting serenely on the roof of the barn and the only way he could get them was by shooting the birds necessary for the proper celebration of the day.

Ordinarily we would take little stock in such a story of the intelligence of our national bird, but Herm Fell's reputation for truth and veracity has never been questioned except when he was arguing with the umpire on a baseball decision and therefore we verily believe the above to be true.

John McMahon.

John McMahon, a wellknown resident of this locality, died at the home of George Anderson at Kinsua at 1 a. m., to-day (Friday) November 27th, after a week's illness of bowel trouble, in his 62nd year.

The deceased was the son of Edward and Hannah McMahon, and a native of this county having been born at Sartwell, Pa. He is survived by five sisters and two brothers: Sister Patricia of Mount Mercy Hospital, Buffalo; Mrs. Kate Baker of Sartwell, Pa., Mrs. Edward Brooder of Kane; Thomas F. and Daniel McMahon of Mt. Jewett; Mrs. Margaret McGraw of Falls Creek and Mrs. R. J. McConnell of Buffalo.

John McMahon was a man of exceptionally retiring disposition, traveling his own way through life, asking nor expecting much from the other fellow beyond what he earned by the sweat of his brow.

Funeral will be held Monday morning when after services at St. Joseph's Catholic church, Mt. Jewett, at 7 a. m. the remains will be taken to Kane for interment.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 28, 1908:

Mrs. Eliza Coy, Clarence Clark, Mrs. S. Dye, Mrs. W. M. Johnson, Mrs. S. P. Kennedy.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

My continued illness will prevent my having my store open for the Fall Trade, my stock of Blankets, Robes and Whips are on sale at Hamlin's Hardware Store. I have marked these goods at a figure that it will be to your advantage to call if you are going to buy. Respectfully, CHARLES LEMMLER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

"Only Seeds of Kindness."

In filing his account of campaign expenses as required under the "Corrupt Practices" act, Till Reis, of Sharon, the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Twenty-eighth district, in opposition to Nelson P. Wheeler, the Republican candidate who was elected by a good majority in every county in the district, made the following unique statement:

"I accepted the nomination on the following platform: That I would send to each constituent in the district a package of seeds; that I would draw my salary promptly, and all over my board I would bring home and spend with my constituents. In my campaign expense I used it where I thought it would do the most good. Mercer county being my home county, and in taking the presidential vote of 1904 I had only 4,735 votes to overcome, and as my face is so well known in the county I did not get out cards or make speeches that you could notice.

"Capt. Whistler of the Western Press assured me that because I was an exalted Elk, I could carry Elk county without a doubt. I had positive assurance from Joe Sibley and Alcck McDowell that Venango county was positively averse to the use of money in campaigns. With these explanation I hereby certify to the following bill of expense:

Two letters to D. J. Driscoll, St. Marys, postage 4 cents.

One letter to J. W. Kelly, Marienville, postage 2 cents.

One letter to T. F. Wasser, Franklin, postage 2 cents.

One letter to C. E. Shatz, Meadville, postage 2 cents.

Total, 10 cents.

P. S.—The only seed I can give this year are little seeds of kindness."

An Epidemic of Crime.

Northwestern Pennsylvania for the past year has been in the grip of an epidemic of crime. Venango county has furnished two murderers. Mikolaj Holka of Franklin was hanged and after long discussion, James Strail has been saved from the gallows and sent up prison for life. Crawford county likewise has furnished two murderers and another case which may yet develop into murder. Dominick Nosti shot and killed Jose Petrole and is serving twelve years for manslaughter. Eugene Hall stabbed and killed James Selden and is awaiting trial. Alton Hopper shot his wife Friday night and she is in a serious condition. A crazed Slovak chopped a farmer to pieces with an axe in Warren county and on examination was deported to his home country. Erie county had a murder trial in last session of court and the slayer was the sent to an insane asylum for life. McKean county has a woman in jail charged with the murder of her lover, but in this case there is a question of whether she killed the man or he committed suicide.—Bradford Star.

Besides the above, John Barrett was choked to death by unknown assassins in Smethport last summer and there is no clue to the guilty parties. On Labor Day a Macedonian was nearly shot to death at Colegrove by fellow countrymen who escaped and have not been apprehended.

Attempted Suicide.

Fred Huntoon of Olivedale attended a dance Tuesday evening, leaving his wife at home, which resulted in a family jar next day. At the conclusion of a war of words, Huntoon left the house, and returning some time later discovered his wife lying on a lounge with a gas tube in her mouth and about all connections severed with this kind of dances, jars and misfits.

The woman had made careful preparation, closing the doors and windows and pulling down the blinds, had proceeded with the job in hand, and had her husband not returned when he did, her worries would shortly have been of the past. However, she is about as good as new at present, and as she is but 23 or 24 years of age, has much to learn of real trouble, and we hope, real joy.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

How About Christmas.

May we help you to solve the problem and put you in the way of doing your Christmas shopping with pleasure, satisfaction and economy.

We are offering a stock of jewelry that will please everybody.

High priced presents, low priced presents useful, ornamental, practical and pretty.

We extend a cordial invitation to all to come and see our holiday stock of watches, clocks, diamonds, jewelry, silverware, hand painted china, rich cut glass, umbrellas, etc, etc.

Our stock is all new and guaranteed to be as represented or your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Lookers always welcome at

"Phelps, the Jeweler,"
107 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Forest Cheney Company.

Forest Cheney, the distinguished violin virtuoso, and his company, including Miss Alma Thorpe, highest coloratura soprano on concert tour, Dr. G. O. Wellman, the popular baritone, and Miss Gertrude Butler, pianist, will be at the Smethport Lyceum tomorrow evening, Friday, Dec. 4. Following are some press notices from well-known nearby newspapers:

Mr. Cheney demonstrated the fact that he is a master of violin technique as well as a musician possessed of intellectual and temperamental force. His magnetic personality holds his audience spellbound.—Bradford Era, Nov. 23.



FOREST CHENEY, at the Lyceum tomorrow night.

Forest Cheney's repetoir includes many of the great concertos and concert pieces which he plays with a splendid technique and tone that is at times fiery and brilliant or melting and seductive.—Penna. Grit, Oct. 27, '07.

The playing of Forest Cheney, the celebrated violinist, was a revelation to all.—Oil City Derrick.

Miss Alma Thorpe is a young singer who possesses a wonderfully sweet and brilliant coloratura soprano voice. She renders with the utmost ease the most difficult technical passages. Her singing of the Proch's Theme and variations was a gem of vocal virtuosity. Her personality is most charming and she was a great favorite with the audience.—Bradford Era, Nov. 23, '07.

Miss Thorpe possesses a soprano voice of marvelous compass, and last night she sang high above the high soprano C, with bell-like clearness. Her voice is sweet-toned, of excellent quality throughout.—Bradford Evening Star, February 4, 1908.

Mr. Emery's Libel Suits.

A Delaware county jury has just awarded Lewis Emery, Jr., a verdict of 12 cents damage in his libel suit against the firm of Thomas V. Cooper & Sons, publishers of the Media American. Mr. Emery instituted a large number of libel suits, following the campaign of 1906 in which he was the Lincoln-Democrat candidate for governor, most of the leading Republican newspapers of the state being hauled into court. So far as the Republican has observed, but three of the cases have been tried, those against the Lebanon News, the Meadville Star and the Media American, all of which Mr. Emery has won. The Oil City Derrick, the Warren Mirrer and the Morning Herald settled their cases out of court and the remainder are still to be heard. The latest verdict of 12 cents against a paper which he was suing for $20,000, amounting to a virtual victory for the defendants, cannot be very satisfying to Mr. Emery, nor is it calculated to increase the appreciension of other editorial brethren against whom suits have been brought which have not yet been tried.—Kane Republican.

Barn Burned.

The large horse barn on the Dalrymple farm burned to the ground Monday morning, in a disasterous fire which caused considerable loss. Four horses were burned to death within the barn and another was so badly burned that it had to be shot, after getting it out. No dogs were burned, but one was badly singed. Two mowing machines, considerable hay, etc., were totally destrayed. The fire was discovered about 3:30 o'clock in the morning, at which time the entire barn was a mass of flames. The origin of the fire is unknown but the fact that the entire barn was a blaze from end to end, before any of the roof was burned through, and the barn was an entire mass of flames before any of them became visible from the house, seems to indicate that the fire might have been of incendiary origin. The loss was fairly well covered by insurance.—Port Allegany Argus.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Wanted.

A girl to work for her board and go to school. For particulars address Box 98, Smethport, Pa. 50tf

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Hunting Story.

Here is the most remarkable "true" story related during the present deer season: Four hunters, Reed Marshall, John Martin, H. N. Seanor and his son, George, of Lock Haven, started out early Wednesday morning and separated, the Seanors going one way and the other two a different way. The latter party soon struck a big bear track and followed it for half an hour until they came to a place where the bear had evidently taken the same route as a deer, and the two tracks were united for 400 yards, where the deer's tracks disappeared completely. The bear's tracks became wider, and a great path was cut through a thick growth of underbrush over a stretch of half a mile of territory. The party followed the path up two steep hills and down and across valleys. Suddenly the hunters came upon the bear resting alongside of a buck deer. The deer had just been killed and was still warm. The bear was shot by the two Seanors. It was later discovered that another bear was in the vicinity, but it escaped. Upon examining the animals and tracks it was discovered that the deer was one that had been wounded by the party on Tuesday and got away. The bear had come upon the bloody tracks and followed them for 400 yards, when it came upon the wounded deer and killed it. It then performed a remarkable feat of strength, carrying the deer more than half a mile up hills and through underbrush, all the time keeping off the other bear which was following it. The deer weighed about 150 pounds and the bear 410 pounds.

Kane School Boys Arrested.

A story comes over the hill from Kane which tells of the misdeeds of four lads, sons of well known Kane people. The boys have been acting contrary to school laws, were caught and arrested. They had been told to not enter the high school building during the evening hours. One night they disobeyed the rule, placed a ladder against the building and entered, entering the building by an upper story window. Then they proceeded to pull up their class flag. The janitor had been ordered to watch the building and when he found the ladder he took it away, forcing the boys to leave the building by one of the doors. As they passed him, he took their names and they were subsequently arrested. When given a hearing they pleaded not guilty and will later appear in court. For some time past the boys have been imitating the pranks of college chaps and it was thought best by those in authority to put a stop to the nonsense.

Olean Merchants Predict an Enormous Christmas Business.

Bell Bros. announce their formal Holiday Opening for Saturday, December 5th, and from that date on, Christmas buying will begin at "Greater Olean's Greatest Store" in earnest. The big store is beautifully trimmed and the stocks are installed with a view of supplying their many customers with Holiday needs.

"Bell's Basement" has a reputation far and near for dolls, toys, books, games, baskets, etc.

The main floor is devoted to the substantial as well as the ornamental.

Silk Dept., and to name dress goods stock large and very attractive. Art needle material and finished pieces will appeal to the housewife.

The linens, umbrellas, neckwear, jewelry, kid gloves, handkerchiefs, leather goods, box paper, fine hosiery and fancy goods counters excel in attractiveness any former season.

Shop early and avoid the last few days' rush.

It is Profitable.

Nothing can be more profitable than for young men and women to spend the winter months in preparing themselves for future usefulness along educational lines. Let the Clarion State Normal School help you. J. George Becht, Principal.

Williamsport Commercial College.

Business, Shorthand and Preparatory school. Positions for graduates. Winter term begins January 5th. Catalogue and trial lessons in bookkeeping and shorthand free. 75 lessons in writing by mail for $2.50. F. F. Henley, Prop.

Comparative Riches.

He that is proud of riches is a fool. For if he be exalted above his neighbors because he hath more gold, how much inferior is he to a gold mine!—Jeremy Taylor.

Rings Little Liver Pills prevent biliousness, sick headache, and keep you well. Do not gripe. A pill in time that will save nine. Price 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Wanted.

Girls to learn trade at Smethport Cut Glass Factory. For particulars apply at office at once.

Found—A small brown fur. Owner may have same by calling at J. W. Benton's residence, proving property and paying for this advertisement.

Lost—A string of gold beads. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to this office.

Lost—A dark red elastic belt. Finder will please return to Mrs. Freda Thomas.

Mattie's Milkman.

By MURRAY FIEL.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Miss Jeannette's objection to Gene Carman was his profession. He was night editor on a morning paper, and he came home anywhere between 2 and 6 o'clock in the morning.

Miss Jeannette was country bred, and for forty years she had accepted without question the dictum that those who were out of night were no better than thieves and robbers.

Just what was the difference between thieves and robbers Miss Jeannette did not know. She knew only that those were the only sort of persons who were out when decent folk should be abed, so when her pretty niece, Mattie Boyer, gave evidence of more than a passing interest in Carman she very promptly frowned upon the young man and warned Mattie that she must have nothing more to do with the Carmans, mother and son.

The latter lived on the floor above Mattie and her maiden aunt, and kindly Mrs. Carman had been a tower of strength to Miss Jeannette when she and Mattie had first come to the city to live.

She had pointed out the best places at which to trade and helped Miss Jeannette to get an obnoxious tenant on the lower floor out of the house and had initiated both the elder and the younger woman into city ways generally.

Naturally it had hurt the old lady when the Boyers had terminated their



"SHE'S STUCK ON ME SHAPE AND SENT ME A MASH NOTE."

friendly relations without word of warning, but a hint from Mattie to Gene soon set matters right.

Mattie was not in accord with Miss Jeannette's sudden whims, and she assured Gene that presently there would be a turn of the tide in his favor. Meanwhile she had to obey Miss Jeannette's prohibition against seeing them, so the only communication they held was by means of notes.

Every morning when Gene came home from his work he found a note stuck in the wide mouth of the empty milk bottle beside the Boyer doorway. The milkman came through the house later, gathering up empty bottles and leaving the filled ones.

To any person who chanced to pass it would appear to be a note of instructions to the milkman, but, to Gene, coming home tired and sometimes disheartened, the little blue envelopes were like mental cocktails.

The same bottle would not serve as his postoffice as well, for Miss Jeannette took in the milk.

The best that Gene could do was to leave his letters in the candy store on the corner, where Mattie could get them when she returned from her work.

Had Mrs. Carman been willing to act as messenger the problem would have been far more simple, but the kindly old lady would have nothing to do with the affair.

She was hurt that the friendship should be so suddenly terminated and still more hurt that her son should be regarded as ineligible. She wondered at his lack of pride that he should still want to marry Mattie in spite of Miss Jeannette's prohibition, and she was most ostentatiously neutral.

For a time the milk bottle postoffice answered its purpose excellently well. Miss Jeannette went to bed early and let Mattie close the house, so that the latter set the bottle out in the hall every evening.

But one morning Gene did not come home as usual. There had been a sensational accident, and all the men on duty had been rushed to the scene. Even the men on the desk who could be spared were sent out, Gene among them.

It was nearly noon when he at last reached home, so exhausted that not once did he think of the letter. Mind and body were numb, and he did not dream that another man was reading the letter intended for him and was gloating over its contents.

Mattie's letters were not affectionately personal. She knew the danger of the missives falling into other hands, so she wrote vague notes of good cheer.

In the missing one there was an allusion to the long wait for love's culmination, and this gave to Butch Cassidy, the milk boy, the idea that the young woman with the glorious blue eyes was very much interested in him.

"I bet she seen me somewhere on Sunday," he mused. "She's a pippin but I guess I'm some apples myself when I get me new harness on. It's a darned shame that she didn't pipe up a couple of weeks ago. She'd have put it all over Slim Bleecker's girl at th' ball of th' Milk Wagon Drivers' association. The Lady Flirts give their blowout a week from Thursday, and that's the day after pay day. I wonder would the little dame give a look."

Butch was a firm believer in the adage that "faint heart ne'er won fair lady," so as soon as his horse was stabled and his routine ended he made for the flat house in which the Boyers lived.

He was somewhat taken aback when Miss Jeannette answered the bell. Mattie worked only in the afternoons, reading to an invalid, and generally it was she who paid the bills on Tuesday morning when Butch made his regular round.

"Where's the little lady?" demanded Butch, determined to brave it out. "I want to say suthin' to her."

"My niece is out just now," was the severe response. "I understood that she paid your bill yesterday."

"Bill be blowed," said Butch politely. "This is a personal game, see? I got me money yesterday. I want to make a date wit' her. Get that over your think plate?"

"You?" cried Miss Jeannette in disgust.

"Sure," was the easy response. "She's stuck on me shape and sent me a mash note. Can't wise up to all her talk, but that's clear. Give a look."

Moved to anger by the incredulity in Miss Jeannette's look, he produced the note, now sadly soiled. "You ain't just what I'd pick for a mother-in-law, but I guess I'll have to take you wit' th' rest of th' furniture."

Miss Jeannette had lived in dread of a misalliance for Mattie, and now her worst fears seemed about to be realized.

She gave another long, comprehending look at the unshaven young driver and, with a little groan of horror, sank to the floor in a faint.

Butch promptly took his departure after giving a frightened ring on the bell of the flat next door, trusting that some one might come to the woman's relief. He could not know that they had all gone out, so it was Mrs. Carman, summoned by a piano agent, who brought Miss Jeannette back to consciousness. Miss Jeannette clung to her convulsively.

"Did you see that milk wagon driver?" demanded the shuddering Miss Jeannette. "My dear Mrs. Carman, that man is going to marry Mattie. I have heard of young girls eloping with their father's coachman, but with the driver of a milk wagon! Do you know that Mattie actually has been writing letters to him?"

A gleam of comprehension came into Mrs. Carman's kindly eyes. She knew that Gene had come in late that morning, and she could guess the rest. Here might be an opportunity to make things come out all right.

"I suppose that Mattie admired his appearance," she suggested gently. "Young girls very frequently do fall in love with a fine physique, and I recall that the driver is very athletic. If you had not interfered with Gene and she"—

Miss Jeannette grasped her arm. "It's not too late," she declared. "Tell your son that I will make any apology he demands. Perhaps if they see more of each other Mattie will forget this mad infatuation."

"I am quite sure that she will," declared Mrs. Carman comfortingly. "I will speak to Gene and ask him for your sake to try and regain Mattie's love."

Miss Jeannette gave her rescuer a grateful glance, and the little woman withdrew to sit patiently on the front step to warn Mattie when she should return. There Gene found her when he came out to go to work, and he listened in great amusement while his mother explained the situation.

"Of the two evils you are the less," she reminded smilingly. "If Mattie will only play her part well and consent to gradually forget her milkman you have won."

"I don't like being the lesser of Miss Jeannette's two evils," declared Gene happily as he bent to kiss his mother's wrinkled cheek, "but to save Mattie from her milkman I am willing to be even that, dear."

By Way of Experiment.

Not long ago there was a certain salesman in a dry goods shop of an Ohio city who was habitually observing to his fellow clerks that the concern would find it rather difficult to get along without him. These remarks coming to the ear of the senior partner of the firm, he decided to interview his clerk concerning them.

"Mr. Spotts," said the partner, with a grim smile, "although you have not proved to be our most efficient clerk, yet we have appreciated such service as you have condescended to render us during the intervals when you were not expatiating on your own merits. Now we have lately heard it said that if you were to die the business would have some trouble in surviving the loss. This has worried us a good deal, for you, like all of us, are liable to drop off at any moment.

"For this reason, therefore, we have concluded, for our peace of mind, to experiment while all of us are in good health in order that we may ascertain whether the firm can bear up under your loss. You will accordingly consider yourself dead for the period of one month, and we will try to see whether we can get along without you for that length of time."—Harper's.

He Was a Negative.

"He said he felt greatly encouraged because you turned the gas down low when he was calling on you."

"Well, he needn't feel encouraged. It takes a dark room to develop a negative, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Advice.

"You wants to look out foh de man dat's always givin' advice," said Uncle Eben. "De chances are dat he's one o' dese folks dat likes to watch experiments while some one else takes all de risk."—Washington Star.

Unless the ... age man is overestimated he feels that he is not appreciated.—Philadelphia Record.

THE GAMING PASSION

Incidents In Actual Life That Outstrip Fiction.

A COLD BLOODED MONARCH.

Louis XV. and the Dead Man at the Card Table—A Woman Who Gambled on Her Deathbed—Lord Denison's Play While His Bride Waited at the Altar.

If the full story of the card table could be written it would surely be the most startling revelation of human cupidity ever published, and almost every page of it would be marked by some incident which would outstrip fiction.

When Louis XV. was at the card table the fascination of the game made him absolutely dead to all externals and even to decency and humanity. On one occasion when he was playing for heavy stakes one of his opponents, overcome by excitement, collapsed in his chair in a fit of apoplexy. His majesty affected to ignore the incident until some one exclaimed, "M. de Chauvelin is ill!" "Ill?" retorted the king, casting a careless glance at the stricken man; "he is dead. Take him away. Spades are trumps, gentlemen!"

Equally weird is a story Goldsmith tells. When the clergyman arrived to prepare a lady parishioner who had a passion for gambling for her approaching death the lady after listening for a short time to his exhortation exclaimed: "That's enough! Now let us have a game of cards." To humor her the parson consented to play. The dying woman won all his money and had just suggested playing for her funeral fee when she fell back and expired.

In the early years of last century a whist club composed largely of clergymen used to meet in the back room of a barber's shop in a Somersetshire town. On one occasion, so the story runs, when four of the club members were acting as pallbearers at the funeral of a reverend brother, some delay occurred, and the coffin was set down in the chancel. One of them produced a pack of cards and suggested a rubber. The coffin served the purpose of a table, and the players were deeply immersed in the game when the sexton arrived to announce that everything was at last ready.

Mazarin's passion for gambling was so strong even in death that he played cards to the very end, when he was so weak that they had to be held for him, and the "merry monarch" spent his last Sunday on earth playing at basset round a large table with his great courtiers and other dissolute persons and with a bank of at least £2,000 before him.

The curious fascination cards possess for their devotees is illustrated by the following story of Lord Granville, at the time ambassador to France. One afternoon when he was about to return to Paris he repaired to Graham's to have a farewell game of whist, ordering his carriage to be at the door at 4. When it arrived he was much too deep in the game to be disturbed. At 10 o'clock he sent out to say that he was not ready and that the horses had better be changed. Six hours later the same message was sent out, and twice more the waiting horses were changed before he consented to leave the table after losing £10,000.

An equally remarkable story is told of George Payne, the great turf plunger of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last flung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most romantic of gambling stories is told by Mr. Thiselton-Dyer of a plainly dressed stranger who once took his seat at a faro table and after an extraordinary run of luck succeeded in breaking the bank. "Heavens," exclaimed an old, infirm Austrian officer who had sat next to the stranger, "the twentieth part of your gains would make me the happiest man in the world!" "You shall have it, then," answered the stranger as he left the room.

A servant speedily returned and presented the officer with the twentieth part of the bank, adding, "My master, sir, requires no answer." The successful stranger was soon discovered to be the king of Prussia in disguise.

The most costly game of cards on record was probably that in which the late George McCulloch, chairman of the Broken Hill Proprietary company, once took part. A syndicate of seven had been formed to finance the famous Broken Hill silver mine, and Mr. McCulloch was one of the seven. One day, while sitting in a shanty at the foot of the hill, McCulloch offered a fourteenth share in the mine to a young man named Cox for £200.

Cox would only offer £120, and after much haggling it was decided to settle the dispute by a game of euchre. If Cox proved the winner he was to have the share for £120. If he lost he was to pay £180 for it. He won and for the absurd sum of £120 became owner of the share which a few years later was valued at £1,250,000.—London Tit-Bits.

The beginning of excellence is to be free from error.—Quintilian.

Flattered Him.

Magistrate (about to commit for trial)—You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way—in fact, with quite exceptional cunning.

Prisoner (deprecatingly)—No flattery, yer honor; no flattery, I begs on yer—London ...

Smyrna Figs.

Smyrna figs ripen by the beginning of August. They are not picked, but when they reach a certain maturity they begin to dry, and consequently they drop on the ground. In the morning everybody on the plantations goes around with buckets gathering the fruit, which they carry to a certain place where the ground is covered with dry leaves and straw (sergel) and on which they spread the fruit, exposing it to the sun, allowing it to remain there from two to three days. It takes about three days to dry the fig if north winds prevail, as the atmosphere is then very dry. If, however, westerly winds are blowing, which means heavy dew at night, the fruit must remain exposed to the sun from five to seven days. This is a dangerous period, as rain or even a shower might ruin hundreds of tons of fruit lying on the ground. Heavy dews sometimes are just as detrimental. The proper atmospheric conditions to insure a crop of large, sound, rich figs are west winds in June and July, followed by north winds in August, and from then on an occasional west wind every five or six days.

Crocodile Worship.

It was in the very ferocity and terribleness of the crocodile that the Egyptians found the inspiration for the cult they devoted to him. They were mightily afraid of the monster and therefore instituted in his honor the supposedly appeasing worship as though they had said: "Be good enough not to eat us and we will build temples to you and bow down to you as to a god." The students of early history have clearly proved that the earliest worships of every sort took the shape of offerings intended to appease the elementary forces of nature, or the real or imaginary beings of whom men were afraid.—New York American.

Curious Russian Law.

Russia has a law which to outside observers seems almost to put a premium on theft, by which stolen goods become the property of the thief if he can prove that he has had possession of them for over five years. In the thieves' market, which is, of course, licensed by the police, goods that admittedly have been stolen (more than five years before) are openly offered for sale, and the place is a veritable Mecca for the light fingered gentry and their enterprising friends, as also for the more honest members of society, who secure many a tempting bargain.

Constant Squeezing.

"Now, Algernon," said Miss Fussinfeather, as she was tightly held in the embrace of her fiance, "they tell me that men get tired of squeezing after they are married. Will you promise me not to give it up after we are man and wife?"

"Oh, I assure you it is not necessary to make any such promises," replied the young man. "I guarantee you'll have all the squeezing you want to do to get along on $7 a week."—Exchange.

ACME MILL

F. A. GREEN, Prop.

We carry a complete and fresh stock of

FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, OATS, MIDDLINGS, Etc.

AGENT FOR Blatchford's Calf Meal.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for Fruit and Vegetables I am always headquarters

I. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASS SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Tedders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

EMIL THAMM

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour, NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

H. C. BEMIS

Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work.

Planing Mill & Retail Lumber

Estimates furnished from plans and specifications.

Inquiries and inspection solicited.

Both Phones

Hilton St. Bradford, Penna.

Sane's 57 MAIN ST.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800. Union Phone 493

PATENTS

... COUNTRIES ...

... Exclusively.

... United States Patent Office, ...

C. A. SNOW & CO.



WHY IS IT?

That each month in all the best homes in this country, on the library table, and in every club reading room, you find the

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

It is because it keeps you in touch with those great public and human movements on which the American family depends.

It is because its stories are the best published anywhere.

It is because its illustrations in color, and black and white, set the standard.

It is because its articles are the most vital and interesting.

It is because there is something in each copy for every member of every American family.

A YEAR'S FEAST

1800 Beautiful Illustrations. 1560 Pages of Reading Matter

85 Complete Stories. 75 Good Poems.

50 Timely and Important Articles.

1000 Paragraphs presenting the big news of the "World at Large."

120 Humorous Contributions.

Wonderful Color Work, presented in frontispieces, inserts and covers.

All Yours for One Year's Subscription to

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Price $1.50 per Year or 15 Cents a Copy

The Publisher of the McKEAN COUNTY MINER has make a special arrangement with THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE by which they are enabled to offer the following extraordinary bargain:

The cost of one year's subscription to THE METROPOLITAN is $1.50. The cost of one year's subscription to the MINER is $1.25. We offer both for $1.65.

Address all communications to

McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

CONFORMS TO NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND DRUGS LAW.

An improvement over many Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies, because it rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. No opiates. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Prepared by PINEULE MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

For ... Colegrove, Pa.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever headquarters for everything ... of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING and **BLACKSMITHING**

in a satisfactory manner.

Do You Open Your Mouth

Like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you? Or, do you want to know something of the composition and character of that which you take into your stomach whether as food or medicine?

Most intelligent and sensible people now-a-days insist on knowing what they employ whether as food or as medicine. Dr. Pierce believes they have a perfect right to insist upon such knowledge. So he publishes broadcast and on each bottle-wrapper, what his medicines are made of and verifies it under oath. This he feels he can well afford to do because the more the ingredients of which his medicines are made are studied and understood the more will their superior curative virtues be appreciated.

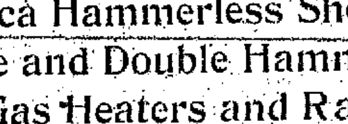
For the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and derangements, giving rise to frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down pain or distress in lower abdominal or pelvic region, accompanied, ofttimes, with a debilitating, pelvic, catarrhal drain and kindred symptoms of weakness, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most efficient remedy. It is equally effective in curing painful periods, in giving strength to nursing mothers and in preparing the system of the expectant mother for baby's coming, thus rendering childbirth safe and comparatively painless. The "Favorite Prescription" is a most potent, strengthening tonic to the general system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. It is also a soothing and invigorating nervine and cures nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the distinctly feminine organs.

A host of medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, recommend each of the several ingredients of which "Favorite Prescription" is made for the cure of the diseases for which it is claimed to be a cure. You may read what they say *for yourself* by sending a postal-card request for a *free* booklet, of extracts from the leading authorities, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post.

THE BIG STORE.

Headquarters For

Winchester U. M. C. Loaded Shells.



Remington Pump Guns

Ithaca Hammerless Shot Guns

Single and Double Hammer Guns

Gas Heaters and Ranges

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 3, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Glass is again being made in Shinglehouse.

—Mrs. L. A. Grimes, aged 40 years, died at her home in Liberty township on Monday, Nov. 23. She is survived by her husband and one son.

—The Mississippi Glass plant at Port Allegany shut down last Wednesday for an indefinite period. This will be a hard blow to the business interests of Port Allegany unless work is resumed in a short time.

—The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will have a Christmas Market and supper in the chapel on Tuesday, Dec. 8th. The Market will begin at 2 o'clock, and there will be both fancy and staple articles on sale. The supper will begin at 5:30.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (Second in Advent) the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Services at All Saints' chapel at 2:30 p. m. Subjects for the day: "The Holy Scriptures," and "The Use and Abuse of the Bible."

—The dance given by the Lemon Club on Wednesday evening of last week was a very pleasant affair. Upwards of sixty couples were present. The music by Chadwick's orchestra was hugely enjoyed and the refreshments served by Miss Millicent Patterson were unusually delicious.

—The closing of the Eldred Bank is a hard blow to many of the business men and citizens of that borough and vicinity. The real condition of the bank is unknown at the present time, but legal steps are being taken by the depositors to find out what they can get out of the wreck.

—An Italian giving his name as Joe Italiano was arrested on Sunday by Constable A. G. Farley on a charge of hunting on Sunday, and hunting without a license. When he was searched it was found that he also carried a loaded revolver, so the charge of carrying concealed weapons was added. At a hearing before Justice Chase he admitted his guilt to all the charges and stated that he had no money to pay his fine, which amounted to $50 and costs. He will therefore lay in jail for fifty odd days and will be brought before the county court to answer to the charge of carrying concealed weapons.

—The Lindholm Company has a new advertisement this week which is interesting to everybody.

—Over in Port Allegany a barber refused to shave a customer whom he supposed was colored. The prospective customer, who claimed to be a Jew, objected to being called a negro and landed heavily on the barber's jaw. The man whose color was in question was arrested and the case will probably be settled at the December term of court.

—Asa P. Root of Bolivar, on Saturday sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to B. A. Vossler of Wellsville an undivided one-fourth interest in a lease of the Burdick farm in Scott Hollow, town of Bolivar, with eight wells pumping and a well drilling, for $5,500. This trade gives Mr. Vossler a one-half interest in the property.

—Miss Zelda Wooster and Mr. Earl J. Hyatt, both of Rew City, were united in marriage in this borough on Thanksgiving Day. The ceremony was performed by Justice Ralph C. Gleason in his office, and the happy couple left for a short wedding journey in the afternoon. Both are said to be popular young people who have many friends who will unite with the MINER in wishing them a long and happy married life.

—E. A. Tyler, a machinest employed by the Blaisdell Machinery company, went violently insane at his boarding house on Congress street extension shortly before 6 o'clock Saturday evening. Prior to Saturday he seemed to be perfectly sane, but yesterday he began to act queer and shortly before 6 o'clock last night, neighbors came to the rescue and held him in check until the police arrived and took him to the police station where he is now confined. While at the station he talked about spiritualism and that seemed to be his particular hobby. He will be taken to Warren this morning on the 6 o'clock train.—Bradford Sunday Herald.

Personal experience with a tube of ManZan Pile Remedy will convince you it is immediate relief for all forms of piles. Can be applied directly to the affected parts, reducing inflammation, swelling and itching. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Woods Liver Medicine in liquid form regulates the liver, relieves sick headache, constipation, stomach, kidney disorders and acts as a gentle laxative. It is particularly recommended for Jaundice chills, fever and malaria. Its tonic effects on the entire system are felt with the first dose. The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50c size. Pleasant to take. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A Bank on Two Legs.

"For more than thirty years the most popular woodsman's bank in Maine was a bank on two legs," says Major Holmes Day, author of "King Spruce." "Until he was over seventy years old Uncle Nate Swan was conductor on the Bangor and Piscataquis railroad, running between the city and Moosehead lake. With him rode the woods and driving crews. When they forgot themselves and made a racket on his train he used to cuff them into submission, and no man ever raised his hand against Uncle Nate. When the men came out of the woods with their pay most of them realized from bitter experience that the city folks would get all their money away from them in a few days. As soon as they would get aboard the train they would begin to strip ten dollar bills off their rolls and hand the money to Uncle Nate to stink for them, banking it on call. They never forgot, nor did he, and in all the years there was never a dispute between Conductor Swan and any of his depositors. When they came back on his train they were sure of enough money for their fare and their tobacco at the lake outfitting store. They wouldn't have known very well what to do with more."

Her Ideal Villain.

The following anecdote, taken from "My Story," by Hall Caine, is interesting:

Immediately after the production of "The Woman In White," ... England was admiring the ... villainy of Fosco, the author, Wilkie Collins, received a visit from a lady who congratulated him upon his success with somewhat ... and then said: "But, Mr. Collins, the great failure of your book is your villain. Excuse me if I say you really do not know a villain. Your Count Fosco is a very poor one, and when ... you want a character of that description I trust that you will not disdain to come to me. I know a villain and have one in my eye at this moment that would far eclipse anything that I have ever read of in books. Don't think that I am drawing upon my imagination. The man is alive and constantly under my gaze. In fact, he is my own husband."

The lady was the wife of Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

Fixed Bayonets In London.

The privilege of marching through London with fixed bayonets is enjoyed by but very few regiments, such as the Royal Fusiliers, who trace their origin to ... train bands, which in later years produced so famous a captain as John Gilpin. After the Royal Fusiliers, or perhaps even before them in point of regimental seniority, come the East Kent "Buffs," now the third of the Buffs, who claim a similar city ancestry, while the Royal marines for some reason or other also enjoy the same fixed bayonet rights in the city. A battalion of the grenadier guards was once impressed to serve as marines, and hence they share the privilege of the men who are "soldiers and sailors too." This also explains why that grenadier battalion has for its tattoo "Rule Britannia" as a souvenir of the time when its combative existence was of the amphibious kind.—London Standard.

The Mental Jog.

"There is a certain type of person," said the business man, "especially in New York, who seems unable to understand what is said to them or hers unless the statement or remark is prefixed by some catchword, usually the word 'listen.'

"For instance, I have a stenographer who simply stares at me in dumb amazement if I say anything to her without first saying 'Now, listen.' If I begin to dictate a letter to her she will not write a word if I forget to give that mental jog. When I snap that at her she will scratch like mad. She is not the only one. The telephone girl cannot take a message unless it has that prefix. When I am out of the office and try to talk over the wire with her I must always begin, 'Now, listen,' or else she is hopelessly at sea and seems not to understand a word I say."—New York Press.

Different In Books.

In the books this is the way they say it:

"Outside the wind moaned unceasingly, its voice now that of a child which sobs with itself in the night, now that of a woman who suffers her great pain alone, as women have suffered since life began, as women must suffer till life wears to its weary end. And mingled with the wailing of wind rain fell—fell heavily, intermittently, like tears wrung from souls of strong men."

Outside the books we say:

"It's raining."—Atchison Globe.

The Brakeman's Joke.

"Ran over a cow this morning up above Coffeyville," said the brakeman to a reporter.

"How did it happen?" asked the reporter.

"She was drinking out of a creek under a bridge," shouted the brakeman as he swung on to the last car and went grinning out of town.—Kansas City Times.

Brute!

Jimson—Where's your wife? Haven't seen her often lately. Weed—Oh, I sent her away on a little vacation. Jimson—So? Where'd she go? Weed—To the Thousand Isles. Jimson—Stay long? Weed—Yes. I told her to take a week to each island.—Judge.

A Saving Grace.

Florence—I can't understand why Ethel married Mr Gunson. He is old enough to be her father. Lawrence—Yes, but he is rich enough to be her husband.—Exchange.

Pinenles for the Kidneys are little golden globules which act directly on the kidneys. A trial will convince you of quick results for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago and tired wornout feelings. 30 days' trial $1.00. They purify the blood. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Porter Always a Sailor.

During Grant's first term his secretary of the navy, Borie, for a time turned the actual administration over to Admiral Porter. Admiral Porter was a sailor in the strict etymological sense of the term in that he believed there was nothing like sails. As soon as he was in authority he caused the four bladed propellers of the vessels to be removed and replaced by two bladed ones, in order that the ships might maneuver better under sail. The inefficiency thereby brought about is, of course, apparent to any engineer, as the size of the propeller opening was fixed and the two bladed screw could not be made large enough. A few years later in a report to the department he actually claimed that the vessels were faster under steam with the mutilated screws. The facts, of course, were just the reverse, and when his influence became less proper propellers were again fitted. This was when he was still in his prime and his judgment was, at least, not impaired by age. About twenty years later, when the Roach cruisers were being built, the dear old man, then over seventy, went before the naval committee and said that the plans of these vessels were wrong because they had only auxiliary sail power. In his judgment they should have been given full sail power with steam as an auxiliary. He was still a sailor! The world had not moved for him.—Engineering Magazine.

The Desert Tortoise.

One of the most interesting reptiles of California's great desert is the desert tortoise. A writer in Suburban Life says: "I have found as many as twenty of these hard shelled fellows that we usually associate in our minds with the thought of water in the very heart of the desert, where the water was exceedingly scarce. Yet when you pick them up they generally void two or three large spoonfuls of liquid. Dissection shows that they each have two large water sacks on the back, and these afford them their water supply. They are great travelers and can walk faster than we should imagine. They are also good climbers. I have watched one for hours climbing up and down the rocky sides of a desert mountain. He could wriggle himself up to a rock almost as high as he was long. Raising himself on his tail end, he would use his head as a hook, then claw with his right leg until it had secured a good hold, then, with what seemed to me extraordinary strength, he would lift himself up and wiggle his body into a secure position."

The Wise Eskimos.

Everything in the Eskimo dress has a reason for its existence, writes Captain Roald Amundsen in "The Northwest Passage." The members of Captain Amundsen's expeditions had become accustomed to the Eskimo dress and had adopted it, but many of them thought it ridiculous for grown up men to go about wearing fringe to their clothes, so they cut it off. I had my scruples about this, says the author, as I had already learned that most things in the Eskimo's clothing and other arrangements had their distinct meaning and purpose, so I kept my fringe and put up with the ridicule. He laughs best who laughs last. One fine day the anoraks, a sort of tunic reaching below the knee, made of deerskin, from which the fringes had been cut off, commenced to curl up, and if the fringe had not been put on again quickly they would soon have looked like neckties.

Only a Letter Out.

"Talk about 'spoliards,'" said the proud Sam Smith. "Listen to my little lad talk about grammar. Tommy, what gender is thy fayther?"

"Masculine," said the learned Tommy.

"Bean't it wonnerful!" said the proud father. "And thy mither, Tommy?"

"Feminine," replied the erudite juvenile.

"Hear that agen," cried the delighted father. "An', noo, Tommy," he proceeded, picking up the family teapot, "what gender is this?"

"Neuter," said Tommy.

Sam's face fell.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "it's allus the way. Still, not but what the little lad was far oot. He only said neuter 'stead of pewter; that's a'!"—London Tit-Bits.

Resentment.

An old toper, being very hard up, went into his favorite bar and asked the publican for a glass "on tick."

"No," said the proprietor, "I won't give you whisky on credit, but there's a sixpence. Now, what do you want?"

"Nothing here," replied the tippler, lifting the coin and putting it in his pocket. "The man who refuses me credit won't get my ready cash," and with an elevated nose he marched out at the door.—London Telegraph.

Knew All About George.

"Do you know, my daughter, that every name means something? For instance, Charles means brave, William resolute, George"—

"Oh, I know what George means, mother."

"Well, what is it?"

"George means business. He told me so last night."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Apt Pupil.

Friend—You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did it turn out?

Business Man (wearily)—Great success! He's teaching me now.

A cross man would be worth at least a dollar a day more if he would be one good natured.—Atchison Globe.

Colds contracted at this season of the year should be treated with Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. It clears the head and throat. Instant relief for coughs, colds, croup, whoopingcough, hoarseness and bronchial troubles. Should be kept in the house for children. It is pleasant to take and gently laxative. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrators, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean in the State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1908.

First and final account of Martha A. Suttell, administratrix of the estate of Jacob J. Suttell, deceased.

First and final account of Clara M. Welch and John F. Tuohy, executors of the last Will and Testament of J. C. Welch, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of W. C. Lancaster, administrator of the estate of William W. Lancaster, deceased.

First and partial account of Mary M. West, *administratrix of the estate of Jacob West*, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of Elizabeth Fagnan, executrix of Geo. C. Fagnan, guardian of Hattie Andrew, late minor child of Anna Andrew, deceased.

First and final accounts of Elizabeth Fagnan, executrix of Geo. C. Fagnan, guardian of Edwin J. Small, Sarah V. Small and Leo Small, minor children of Joseph Small, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of Wm. Coonan, executor of the last Will and Testament of Ann Cunningham, deceased.

First and final account of Anna M. Jones, guardian of Mamie A. Maloney, late minor child of Elizabeth Maloney, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., November 14, 1908.

Notice In Divorce.

A. D. No. 138, Feb. Term, 1908.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lucy Wilson did, on the 23rd day of January, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Reeves Wilson.

We therefore command you, the said Reeves Wilson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Lucy Wilson and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lucy Wilson, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov 13, 1908.

R. B. Stone, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 152 June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ella Dinger did, on the 20th day of April, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Dinger.

We therefore command you, the said James Dinger that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Ella Dinger and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ella Dinger, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 19, 1908.

J. G. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County on the 14th day of December, 1908, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, under Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto by W. A. Anderson, John F. Rooney, W. H. Gallup, Walter C. Daly and ... for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Smethport Business Men's Association, the character and object of which is to foster, protect, encourage and promote the welfare and interests of persons engaged in trade and commerce in the Borough of Smethport, by combining the intelligence and influence of the members against imposition and fraud as experience may, from time to time, prove needful, by bringing about greater uniformity and certainty in business association among its members, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the Act of Assembly aforesaid, and its supplements.

Notice is also given that the petition for said incorporation, a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the said association were filed in the said court at No. 101 December Term, 1908, on November 9th, 1908.

JOHN N. ARNIA, Solicitor.

Smethport, Pa., November 17, 1908.

Incorporation Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Monday, December 21, 1908, by Frank H. Lowrie, Fred J. Phillips, Fred D. Gallup, J. C. Backus and Harry Eason, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called EASON ENGINE COMPANY, the character and object of which is the erecting, purchasing, holding and selling of patent rights for inventions and designs, with the right to issue license for the same and receive pay therefor, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly, and its supplements.

F. D. GALLUP, Solicitor.

Smethport, Pa., November 19, 1908.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's

BAKED GOODS TOBACCO CIGARS

AND FINE CONFECTIONERY

JUST A WORD

WE CARRY

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 3, 1908.

THE trouble of electing a United States Senator from New York has been eliminated by Timothy L. Woodruff withdrawing in favor of Secretary Root.

THE other day a band of robbers held up a train in Russia, killed three men and secured $125,000 in money. This makes the famous Jesse James gang look cheap.

IT is now claimed that Hon. John E. Cox of Allegheny county will be a candidate for Speaker of the next House of Representatives in opposition to Hon. Frank B. McClain, Speaker of the last House.

JUST at a time when Capt. Hobson was getting a reputation for forecasting wars between this country and Japan, Roosevelt and the Elder Statesman of Japan and the United States make an international bargain to keep peace and attend to their own business affairs. It is another case in which the big stick is used to crush budding genius.—Bradford Era.

RAY LAMPHERE, charged with arson and the murder of Mrs. Belle Guinness and her three children by setting fire to the Guinness house on April 28, was Thursday last found guilty of arson by the jury, which had the case under consideration for 24 hours. Within five minutes after the verdict was reached Judge Richter sentenced the defendant to the penitentiary at Michigan City for an indeterminate term of from two to 21 years.

IT is said that Hon. John O. Sheatz, our present State Treasurer, is to be a candidate for United States Senator against Hon. Boies Penrose. After election it was generally conceded that Mr. Penrose had a sure thing for re-election and it is a surprise to many that he is to have any decided opposition. Mr. Sheatz is an able and popular man and will undoubtedly show considerable strength in his candidacy, but even his warmest friends and supporters in this section doubt his ability to down Mr. Penrose.

TWO officers of the American branch of the Salvation Army have been arrested in Buffalo on the charge of conspiring to defraud. This is a serious accusation and the outcome of the cases against the men will be watched with much interest. The English Salvation Army, whose work extends over the world, in many countries, repudiates the American branch and it is a most difficult matter for the latter to get a foothold. If it is true that the so-called American Salvation Army is using religion and appeals to charity to cover dishonest practices it deserves to be repudiated.

UNDER the head of "Amusing" the Mt. Jewett Herald copies an article from the MINER relating to the mis-marking of ballots. The Herald not only gives the MINER credit for its writings but by putting an added paragraph in quotation marks gives us credit for assertions we did not make and is not in accord with. Instead of thinking that the large number of mis-marked ballots is due to Chairman Gallup's talks on voting a straight ticket, we are of the opinion that these mistakes are due to carelessness on the part of those who did not pay any attention to anybody's advice.

OUR neighbor Lindsley denies being the "allegator" of his statement that we placed Mr. Hilton's vote in this borough at 40 and advises us to take up the matter with the Bradford parties whom he says are responsible for the claim and whom the Democrat says are "pretty good authority." As these assertions appeared in the editorial columns of the Democrat and as the editor of the Democrat has always heretofore claimed that he and he alone was responsible for all apparently original articles in such columns, we are surprised to learn that Editor Lindsley is willing to shift the responsibility of his editorials to Bradford Republicans. This being the case, we are perfectly willing to drop the matter so far as the Democrat is concerned and if the real "allegator" is willing to come into the limelight we are prepared to show him some real facts.

A SPECIAL dispatch from Harrisburg states that the Democratic State committee campaign statement filed there last week by B. F. Meyers, the treasurer, shows that three men, State Chairman Dimeling, Senator J. K. P. Hall of Elk county, and Col. James M. Guffey of Pittsburg, supplied most of the money for the campaign in this State. Mr. Meyers' statement indicates that every cent of the $8,261 contributed was expended, and attached vouchers of Secretary P. Gray Meek shows that bills estimated at $125 are outstanding. The list of contributors is headed by Senator Hall with $3,000 given in three installments; Senator Dimeling with $2,800, in six installments, and Col. Guffey, $1,900, in three installments. And so it appears that although turned down at Denver and sorely humiliated, Colonel Guffey was loyal to the cause. He is a patriot, surely.

THE Pennsylvania railroad says a Baltimore dispatch, has decided to establish four experimental farms along the Peninsula, and to place in charge of them the very best farming talent which can be secured, to demonstrate to farmers and truckers the best and most profitable crops to grow, and to help them in the selection of the best markets for their produce. These farms are to be established as follows: One on the Delaware division, one on the line of the Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic railway, one on the line of the Maryland, Delaware & Virginia railway and one on the New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk railroad. It is the intention of the Pennsylvania to purchase good farms and establish thereon the best experts in the different lines of agriculture—men who can give the best advice as to the kind of crops the different soils will best produce, as to the kind of truck to plant and the way to plant it, as to fruits, berries and grain crops, the best kind of fertilizers to use and the best methods of cultivation. The company's object is to point the way to agricultural success, increase the population of regions through which it passes and thereby increase its business. While helping others it will help itself—which is not a bad plan.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1908,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post in the east line of Rochester street, six hundred and fifty-two (652) feet southerly from the point of intersection of the south line of Avenue B and the east line of said Rochester street, said post being the southwest corner of lot deeded by Ellen F. Rice, et al, to Mary J. Anderson; thence northerly along the east line of said Rochester street twenty-five (25) feet to a post; thence easterly by a line running at right angles to said Rochester street one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence southerly by a line running parallel to said Rochester street twenty-five (25) feet to a post in the southeast corner of said Mary J. Anderson lot; thence westerly by a line running at right angles to said Rochester street and along said Mary J. Anderson's south line, one hundred (100) feet to the place of beginning. Being the same land conveyed to the said party of the first part by Cassie M. Green, by deed dated March 27th, 1893, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County, Penn'a, in Deed Book, Vol. 118, at page 596. And subject to all and singular the agreements, reservation and condition therein referred to.

Improved and having situate thereon one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Anna Marshall, Admx. of the estate of John Marshall, dec'd, Anna Marshall, widow, Walter Marshall, Adeline Marshall and Meredith Marshall, heirs at law of John Marshall, deceased, and W. R. Burdick, Guardian Ad Litem of Walter Marshall, Adeline Marshall and Meredith Marshall, at the suit of Sarah A. Marshall.

Healy & Fitzgibbon, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situated, lying and being in the Third Ward, City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and described as follows, to wit: COMMENCING at a point twenty-eight (28) feet west from iron pin on southwest corner of Allen Stone's land; thence westerly parallel with Brookline street twenty-eight (28) feet to a point; thence northerly one hundred (100) feet to a point; thence easterly twenty-eight (28) feet to land of Hugh Flynn; thence southerly, parallel with said Hugh Flynn's land, one hundred (100) feet to a point, or the place of beginning; said lot being designated as lot No. 2 according to a map filed of record in the Recorder's Office in Smethport, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania, Deed Book Vol. 82, page 463, according to the survey made by J. A. Seymour, C. E., April 22nd, 1891, and being the same land conveyed to Mary E. Hill by Thomas Osborne and wife by deed dated July 18th, 1891, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Deed Book 83, page 444, &c.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Zeck Hill and Mary Hill at the suit of R. E. McIntyre.

Mullin & Mullin, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: COMMENCING at a point in the south side of Corydon street in the division line between the lands of C. J. Lane and Cyrus Davis; running thence southerly along the said division line eighty-two (82) feet to lands contracted to be sold by C. J. Lane to Lind Moses; thence eastwardly along the south line of lot No. 20, forty (40) feet to southwest corner of lot No. 31; thence northerly by west line of lot No. 21, ninety-six (96) feet to a point in south line of Corydon street; thence northerly (?) along the south line of Corydon street to the place of beginning. Being lot No. 22 of the sub-division of lands of C. J. Lane, as surveyed, mapped and located by J. A. Seymour, City Engineer, according to map on file in the Recorder's Office of said county and being the same property this day conveyed by D. R. Merrow to John O'Connor and subject to the same reservations therein contained.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John O'Connor at the suit of Thomas F. Deagan, use of John Weiss.

James George, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, messuage and tenement, situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at an iron post the southeast corner of lot deeded to S. C. Beers by P. C. Blaisdell and wife; thence by the east line of Beers lot, north, one hundred (100) feet to the center of Blaisdell Avenue; thence by the center of Blaisdell avenue, east, forty (40) feet to west line of right of way of Olean, Bradford and Warren Railroad Company; thence by the said right of way southwesterly eighty-eight and one-tenth (88 1) feet; thence west along south line of Harlow Pike purchase twenty one and one-half (21 1-2) feet to the place of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed to the said first parties by deed from P. C. Blaisdell and wife, dated January 1st, A. D. 1894, and recorded in McKean county records in Deed Book Vol. 76, page 258, &c.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house and one outbuilding.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of W. M. Baker at the suit of T. F. Mullin, to the use of T. F. Deagan.

Melvin & Melvin, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 8210, being lot No. 71, Janeway street, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a point in the north line of Janeway street, two hundred feet westward, of the northwest corner of Janeway and Hacker street; thence parallel with Hacker street by lot No. 78, north twenty degrees west one hundred and fifty feet to a post; thence parallel with Janeway street, south seventy degrees west fifty feet to a post; thence by lot No. 69, south twenty degrees east one hundred and fifty feet to the north line of Janeway street; thence by the north line of Janeway street (thirty feet from the center line thereof) north seventy degrees east, fifty feet to the place of beginning. CONTAINING seven thousand five hundred square feet of land, more or less, being the same land conveyed to A. Wiener, widow, by C. M. Sharp and wife by deed dated May 28th, 1900, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 88, page 818, et seq; this conveyance expressly made and subject to all and singular the exceptions, reservations, conditions and restrictions in said deed contained, as the same, reference thereto being had, will more fully and at large appear, being the same land conveyed by the Conewango Building Loan Association to Patrick Kanavy by deed dated July 12th, 1904.

Improved and having thereon, two two-story frame dwelling houses.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Patrick Kanavy at the suit of the Conewango Building Loan Association.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 21, 1908.

AUCTION SALE!

Desiring to retire from the mercantile business, have decided to close out the balance of my entire stock of merchandise at auction. The sale will begin

Saturday Afternoon.

DECEMBER 5th,

and will continue until the entire stock is disposed of.

The sale will be in charge of A. H. King of Erie, one of the best auctioneers in the country, and all goods will be sold as represented. It will pay anyone looking after bargains to attend the auction.

I have been in business a great many years and am getting tired of the work and confinement necessary to carry on a successful mercantile business. I have received a liberal share of patronage from the public and take this occasion to thank them for the same. I have made money in the business and am now ready to step aside and let some one else go on with the work.

D. C. YOUNG

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 1, 1908.

Report of the Condition

—OF—

THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY, OF SMETHPORT, PA., NO. 100 MAIN STREET, OF MCKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS NOV. 27, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Reserve fund;		
Cash, specie and notes	$50651 75	
Legal securities	20800 00	
Due from approved reserve agents	37010 19	$108361 01
Checks and cash items		2315 38
Commercial and other paper purchased		167203 04
Loans upon call with collateral		5000 00
Time loans upon collateral		259435 21
Loans secured by bonds and mortgages		112444 00
Investment securities owned exclusive of reserve bonds, viz:		
Stocks, bonds, etc.	$156500 00	
Mortgages and judgments of record	36885 25	193385 25
Real estate		17566 43
Furniture and fixtures		2325 28
Overdrafts		20 83
Book value of legal reserve investment above par		1119 60
		$850064 34

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$200000 00
Surplus fund		100000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		47280 08
Deposits, subject to check	230985 90	
Deposits, special	264428 69	
Due to the Commonwealth, subject to check	16000 000	511414 59
Dividends unpaid		10 00
Treasurers and certified checks outstanding		409 72
		$859064 34

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, COUNTY OF MCKEAN, } ss:

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed,) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of Dec., 1908.

(Signed,) HALLIE WALKER, Notary Public.

Notarial Seal.

Correct—Attest:

(Signed,) FRED D. GALLUP,
H. H. REDFIELD,
JAS. A. MCKEAN,
Directors.

In re petition of the Poor Directors of McKean County, for appointment of Guardian for Michael Miller, a weak minded person. } In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Penna. No. 14, February Term, 1906

Notice is hereby given that the First and Final account of Sheridan Gorton, Guardian of the above named Michael Miller, a weak minded person, has been filed, and if no exceptions are filed in meantime the account will be confirmed absolutely by the Court on December 17th, 1908, at two o'clock p. m.

SAMUEL E. BELL, Prothonotary.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 30, 1908.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of C. C. Wright, late of Keating Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, have been granted to the undersigned.

All persons having claims against said estate will present the same duly probated for payment, and those indebted to the estate will make payment without delay.

J. D. WRIGHT



Sole Agents for

Thornton & Chester's Best Flour

Oscar Engstrom.

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

178 One Hundred Seventy-eight 178

pairs of $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Terhune Shoes put on sale at

$2.98 a pair.

All good Union Made Shoes with prices stamped on the sole. The firm retired so we are closing out the balance of their stock. Try a pair for $2.98.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

GREAT REDUCTION SALE.

Beginning Saturday, Dec. 5, and continuing for 20 days.

Owing to the warm weather we find ourselves overstocked in Winter Goods which will sell at a great sacrifice.

A large stock of Ladies' and Misses' Coats in the latest styles, Children's Bearskin and Astrakan Coats, Bonnets and Legging to match. All colors. An elegant line of Ladies' Tailored Skirts and Shirt Waists. A beautiful assortment of trimmed hats, Sweaters, Gloves, Etc., all to go at a great saving to you. Now is the time to buy, just at the beginning of winter.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman

PRICES RIGHT!

—ON OUR—

Bacon and Hams. Also Summer Sausage, Dried Beef, Corned Beef and Roast Beef.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

COFFEE'S.

Java,	35c lb	Mocha & Java,	35c lb
White House,	35c lb	Veteran Brand,	30c lb
Our Own Blend,	28c lb	Brighton Blend,	25c lb
Blue Ribbon,	25c lb	Faxon's Brand,	25c lb
Admiral,	22c lb	Rio,	20c lb
Arbuckles,	18c lb		

—AT—

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE,

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

TIME TO THINK OF CHRISTMAS.

Don't wait too long, until the early shoppers have picked the best of the stock. Shop early and get the best values. We can show you values from our Coat Department—many new styles and new materials—picked up in the market at under values. They will help you solve the question "What will I give my wife or my daughters for Christmas?"

Our line of Patricians, Queen Quality, Dorris and Clarice Shoes will surely please. Dress goods make very suitable gifts, also silks.

The Holiday Handkerchiefs are ready and complete from 2c each to $2.00 each. In fact, nearly every department in our store has some new attractive merchandise to offer for Holiday trade. See these.

The Lindholm Company

DALY & GARLICK

As the hunting season is now open you will need a good Gun, either in a double or single barrel. A little ammunition too. We carry the Winchester shells.

Daly & Garlick,

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 3, 1908

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Winter is here.

—Attend the band boys' dance to-night.

—It is time to lay away your gun and hunting outfit.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Allen, Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1908, a daughter.

—Don't fail to hear the Forest Cheney company at the Smethport Lyceum to-morrow evening.

—Help a good cause along by attending the I. O. O. F. band dance at the Lyceum to-night.

—Dr. J. V. McAlpin is moving into the house on East Main street recently vacated by T. W. Cump.

—Pennsylvania defeated Cornell by a score of 17 to 4 in the Thanksgiving day football game at Philadelphia.

—A very pleasant dancing party was given by the Lyceum management on Thanksgiving night which was well attended.

—The dances at the Lyceum Saturday nights continue to be well patronized. Everybody is invited to attended. Admission 50c.

—Miss Elsie Sherer entertained a few of her young friends Wednesday evening. Refreshments were served and a pleasant evening passed by those present.

—The Army beat the Navy at Philadelphia on Saturday by a score of 8 to 4. It was a great day in the social football world and nearly all Washington was in attendance.

—You should not fail to attend the first dance given by the I. O. O. F. band at the Smethport Lyceum this evening. Good music and a good time assured all who attend. Tickets $1.00.

—St. Elizabeth's Auxiliary will have a sale of fancy articles in the Ladies' Aid rooms in St. Elizabeth's parsonage on Saturday, Dec. 12, from 2 p. m. till all is sold. All are invited.

—Bradner's, one of Olean's largest and best equipped dry goods stores, has an advertisement in this issue which is of general interest to our readers who are looking for good things at reasonable prices.

—The Forest Cheney musical company will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum to-morrow (Friday) night. This is reported to be one of the best musical companies on the road and should be greeted with a crowded house.

—Word has been received from Clearfield that the engagement of Miss Helen Murray to A. W. Lowmaster was announced Saturday noon at a luncheon given at the home of Thomas H. Murray.

—In an article last week relating to services in St. Luke's church several errors appeared that are hard to account for. We do not know how they crept through but in a rush such things sometimes happen.

—The short daily services during the week of prayer for Missions have been well attended at St. Luke's. There was good congregational singing and a five minute address each day, the service lasting from 12:10 to 12:30.

—Rev. J. H. McCandless informed the writer Monday morning that he had picked a bunch of pansies from a bed near the southeast corner of his house on Main street. It is not very often that out-of-door pansies bloom at this time and such large, beautiful ones as these are extremely rare in this section.

—Scott Bancroft, postmaster at Shinglehouse, is reported to have gone away with an affinity, whose home was near Olean. It has been known for several months that Mr. Bancroft was infatuated with the woman and despite the entreaties of his friends and family he refused to give her up.—Bolivar Breeze.

—A dispatch from Pittsburg, dated Dec. 1, is responsible for the following tale: Isaac Case, aged 35 years, is in a critical condition at a McKeesport hospital to-day suffering from heat prostration. He was prostrated by the comparatively sultry character of the evening yesterday and became unconscious at midnight.

—There are twenty-two cases of typhoid fever in Galeton. Dr. E. H. Ashcraft, the Potter county representative of the state board of health, visited the town on Wednesday last to make a thorough investigation. The epidemic was caused by the people using water from an old line near the tannery. This was condemned by the doctor. Dr. Ashcraft spoke in great praise of the board of health of the town and said that they were doing everything that was best to check the disease.

—John Kibe was shot and instantly killed last Thursday night at Emporium by an Italian named Joe Pigon. A fight had been started in the barroom of the American Hotel and the proprietor had ejected Pigon. When Kibe came out later he was shot dead by the Italian, who evidently mistook him for the proprietor. The arrest of the murderer followed and Cameron county will probably again have use for the gibbet loaned them last year by Potter county.—Potter Journal.

—The fair and supper given by the Junior Auxiliary of St. Luke's church at the parish house yesterday afternoon and evening was a decided success in every way. The booths were filled with beautiful fancy work, wearing apparel and choice eatables and were liberally patronized by the throngs in attendance. An excellent chicken supper was served at five o'clock and nearly 150 people were served before the wants of the inner man were satisfied. The ladies in charge deserve much credit for the excellent management of this affair.

—During the past week we have sent out bills to a number of subscribers who will be a year in arrears for the MINER within the next few weeks and we hereby request them to give such bills prompt attention. The ruling of the Postmaster General which went into effect last April makes the publisher liable who extends credit for more than one year and therefore we must urge prompt settlement in these cases. Do not put off sending a remittance or we may be obliged to take you off the mailing list, much as we hate to do so.

—A merry war of diminutive proportions, in which Hooker Dale, a citizen well known in this city, was the chief actor, is thus described by an Oil City exchange: Employees of the Pennsylvania railroad company went to demolish a remaining wall alleged to project two inches in the right of way, battled for two hours with H. L. Dale, owner of the wall, and finally deserted the job when Dale placed a can of nitroglycerine on the wall and invited them to pull it down. Dale had previously swept the men from the cars with a stream of water. The dispute will go to court.—Bradford Record.

—Ernest Koester, a well known lawyer of Hackensack, N. J., once a resident of Bradford, and formerly district attorney of McKean county, was suddenly stricken with illness as he rose to present a case in the Jersey court last Friday. He was on his feet just about to speak when he threw up his hands and fell to the floor. Court attendants were instantly at his side and it was found that in falling he had cut his head severely. He was unconscious Mr. Koester was taken to his home where he received skilled attention. The attack was believed to have been caused by uraemic poisoning.

—What will prove to be one of the most interesting entertainments to be given this season in Smethport, will be the concert to be given at the M. E. church by the Hyden Concert Company Concert Company on Friday evening, Dec. 4th. The company is composed of two young ladies and two gentlemen and this concert will offer to the music loving public a rare opportunity of spending an enjoyable evening. The program will consist of piano, violin and vocal solos, duets, etc., and will be interspersed with readings. The company comes highly recommended by the public press and no one can very well afford to miss the opportunity of hearing them.

The Leading Department Store of Olean, N. Y., Advises Holiday Shoppers to Buy Early.

We predict an unusual Christmas business. Conditions have so improved that all classes of people are prosperous. Our furniture floors are very attractive. Novelty pieces as well as the substantial, are attractively arranged and we can safely say that the department was never so inviting as now, and take our word for it. We can save all buyers from 10 to 25% on their purchases and besides we deliver all furniture to your nearest railroad station.

Our Ready-to-Wear Department is the largest in Southwestern N. Y. It occupies a space 140 feet long and 38 feet wide. All suits and coats are being offered at prices averaging about ⅓ less than earlier in the season.

We are showing to-day over $10,000 worth of fur coats, muffs, boas, etc., and the low prices will appeal to the conservative buyer—this is just the right time to get the choicest qualities of fur at the lowest prices. Do your Christmas shopping early and avoid the rush.

BELL BROTHERS,
Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern N. Y.

Valuable Relic for Church.

The actual desk prayerbook used in the Church of England before the abolition of such books by parliament during the commonwealth, a volume dated 1633, has been presented to the Church of St. Edmund-the-King in London.

Adamless Eden.

The time is long past when the fact of adopting horticulture as a profession is at all likely to create surprise. Other callings for women may be more remunerative, but there is none more wholesome and more healthy for mind and body.—Country Life.

Fresh Fish.

We are now prepared to furnish you with fresh fish, oysters both in shell and bulk, clams and blue points. Your order solicited.

46tf TAYLOR & McCARTY.

Horses for Sale.

10 horses for sale drivers and workers. Inquire of J. T. Edwards at the fair grounds or of A. T. Palmer at Palmer's Livery, 201 Water street, Smethport.

For chapped hands, face and lips Pinesalve Carbolized is immediate relief (Acts like a poultice). Good for cuts, burns, bruises, skin diseases. Draws out inflammation. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Received yesterday another shipment of Hand Painted China. I cordially invite everybody to inspect my stock; it will please you. Mollie E. Pierce.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Personal Mention.

V. B. Bouton had business at Bradford Saturday.

P. K. Brown was a Mt. Jewett visitor the first of the week.

Claude Shattuck of Eldred had business in town to-day.

Floyd Heath passed Thanksgiving with friends at Bradford.

W. H. Morrison and C. H. Mayo were business visitors in Kane Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus departed Tuesday for Cambridge Springs, Pa.

Will Lund of Eldred was calling on friends in this place Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Julia McCarty of Rixford passed Sunday with her cousin, Miss Anna Haley.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor of Turtle Point were pleasant callers at this office yesterday.

Mrs. J. F. Davis and daughter, Dearly were the guests of Mrs. T. H. Morrison last week.

Miss Blanche Chilicote is home from Bradford on account of the illness of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shepard of Port Allegany were calling on friends in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Block of Newark, Ohio, were the guests of Col. and Mrs. Gillette over Sunday.

Myron Gallup, who is a student at Westbrook's Academy, Oleau, returned to that place Monday.

Michael O'Connors and Henry Nogar of Hazelhurst attended the dance at the Lyceum Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sherburne spent Thanksgiving with their daughter, Mrs. Alfred Hagberg, at Hazelhurst.

Miss Stella Hannah and Miss Edwarthy spent Wednesday night in Hazelhurst, the guests of Miss Lena Goshorn.

Miss Lydia Gates and Mrs. Charles Cooper and family of Buffalo spent Thanksgiving with Dr. and Mrs. Goodwick.

Miss Irma Wells returned to West Chester, Pa., Monday, after a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells.

Hon. and Mrs. Joseph W. Bouton returned home from a visit to Buffalo on Saturday. The Judge's condition is much improved.

Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany has recovered from her recent illness and is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gallup returned Monday from their wedding trip and are now receiving the congratulations of their numerous friends.

Mrs. George Brennan, Mrs. Edna Warren of this place and Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett left yesterday morning for a short visit with relatives in Buffalo.

Webb Hopper attended the Second Annual "Waywanders" banquet which was held at the Bay State hotel Saturday night under the auspices of the Bradford Typographical Union.

THE LYCEUM

Friday Evening, Dec. 4

FOREST CHENEY

The Distinguished

VIOLIN VIRTUOSO

And His Company, Including

Miss Alma Thorpe,

Highest Colorature Soprano on Concert Tour,

Dr. G. O. Wellman,

The Popular Baritone,

Miss Girtrude Butler,

Pianist.

Reserved Seats, 35, 50, 75

WM. MONHEIMER.

The Greatest Sweater Sale

ever held in McKean County.

$1.50

will buy, this week, a $3.50, $4.00 or $5.00

All Wool Sweater

At Monheimer's

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Christmas Gifts

Holiday Goods are ready for you now. It is with pleasure that we invite you to inspect our new goods suitable for gift purposes. In the regular lines of Home Furnishings and Men's, Women's and Children's Wear, as well as distinctively Holiday stocks, our assortments are considerably larger than we have ever shown before. Our prices are fixed in a way to make shopping here very advantageous. No where can you secure better values. Just a few hints of what we have:

Umbrellas 50c to $8.75	Sweaters $1.00 to $3.50
Bath Robes $1.00 to $5.00	Stationery 10c to $2.50
Neckwear 10c to $1.75	Toilet Sets 50c to $1.50
Mufflers 50c to $3.50	Fancy China 25c to $1.75
Gloves 25c to $3.75	Boys' and Girls' Books 5c to 25c
Furs $1.00 to $50.00	Toys 5c to $5.00

If you cannot come to the store write us for any definite information you may want in regard to goods in stock with price quotations.

We make special prices on quantities of 1 doz. or more of any one article.

FRY & COMES

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States, and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

BRADNER'S

Olean's Most Satisfactory Trading Place Solicits Your Patronage.

Bradner's, under the several names of Geo. B. Adams & Co., and Adams & Bradner, but always the same business and the same management, with the same straightforward business methods, has been for almost twenty-one (21) years the regular trading place of a liberal share of the most conservative and frugal people of Olean and towns tributary to Olean. During this twenty-one years, by careful statements in advertising and worthy merchandise at uniformly fair prices, we have built for this store the best business in Olean. The percentage of growth since 1896 when Mr. Bradner became managing partner of Geo. B. Adams & Co., has been particularly gratifying.

We believe this store is especially well equipped to supply the needs of our customers and prospective customers in Smethport and solicit the opportunity of supplying such portion of your wants as can not be furnished by your local merchant. Give him the preference; it is right that you should.

At Christmas time hold fast to the store that treats you fairly the year round. This store is filled with only the things that twenty-five years of store keeping has taught us to be practical and worthy; things that it is a satisfaction to give or receive. The tawdy, useless things are not even here; you can depend on everything being good and right.

The Christmas stocks are now ready,—let us show you.

BRADNER'S

—SUCCESSORS TO—

GEO. B. ADAMS & CO.

and

ADAMS & BRADNER

Aunt Lucy's Legacy.

By JANE LEE.

Copyright, 1906, by Associated Literary Press.

People could talk all they liked about poverty bringing happiness, but Bayard Leighton kicked literally at the suggestion. He had just finished reading a letter from his maiden aunt, in which she had declared: "Money has not brought me happiness. I have lived alone all my life, and I sometimes envy you in your poverty, loved and adored by so sweet a girl as Virginia."

"Well: what do you know about that?" demanded Bayard of his pal, Jimmy Bookwalter.

"I know exactly what I think of her, old man," drawled Jimmy, "but a lady's a lady—even if she is your aunt—and I'd rather not put my opinion into parliamentary English."

"You're a moral coward, that's what



"SHE WILLS AND BEQUEATHS TO YOU THIS PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF."

you are, Jimmy Bookwalter," declared Bayard as he flung the letter across the tiny hall room. "You've got a rich father who gives you more spending money in a month than you could earn in a year, besides which you're too lazy to fall in love. I hope you won't misunderstand me, Jimmy, when I tell you that the space you occupy in my luxurious apartment is much more valuable than your august presence at the present moment."

Jimmy rose from the uncomfortable straight backed chair, which was the only one in the room. Bayard had given it to him when he entered and had taken a corner of the bed for himself.

"Oh, I see," mused Jimmy. "Want to get dressed, eh? Well, so long till tomorrow night. Be sure you show up at the club and dine with me at 7 sharp."

When he was gone Bayard put the inhospitable chair up on the bed to make more room and took a suit of clothes from under the cretonne curtain which covered his meager wardrobe.

It did not take long to select a tie, because he only had six or seven. Bayard seemed to be going through a mental reincarnation during this process of dressing. First he said disagreeable things—not whole sentences, but just pertinent ejaculations, such as "old fossil," "ought not to be out without a keeper," "envy me, indeed!"

A little later he began to whistle snatches of popular songs; nervous little thrills. And finally, with stick in hand, he opened the door of his room, humming in a most contented manner, "Love Me Little, Love Me Long." After all, life was worth while!

Virginia Tracey and Bayard Leighton had been engaged some months. Bayard's father had lived like a rich man, and when he died suddenly the son found himself penniless. Brought up to lead an idle life, untrained for practical work, he took the first position offered to him in a broker's office at $15 a week.

That seemed all right until he suddenly realized that without Virginia nothing was right. Recklessly he asked her to marry him, and with all the impulsiveness of her love she gave herself to him. They were young, and they could wait. Aunt Lucy, Bayard's maiden aunt, had promised to make him her heir, and decidedly Aunt Lucy was no longer young.

When Bayard was blue, Virginia seemed to be doubly radiant, and tonight she was at her best as she entered her drawing room to greet him.

"Had a letter from Aunt Lucy, dear," Bayard announced as an important piece of news.

"Goody," cried Virginia, "and what did the dear old lady have to say for herself?"

"She told me how fortunate I was to have you care for me, for one thing," began Bayard as he watched the color mount to Virginia's cheeks at the compliment. "Then she said a lot of rot about— But let's talk about the pleasant things. You do care for me, don't you?" he added.

"Silly! Silly! Of course I do!" she cried. "You're silly for a whole lot of reasons—silly to make me wait to be really yours until you can take me to a fine home, but if you are satisfied to take a toothless old woman for a wife—well!—"

And when Bayard went home that night he was still humming a happy air.

He took the chair off the bed, tucked it in one corner of the room and stretched himself out for the night.

In after years he talked of that room. He always declared that he could open the door with his knee and the window with his foot at the same time; that if he bent over to lace up his boots he butted his head against the side wall, and when he thrust his arm through the sleeve of his shirt he invariably bruised the back of his hand on the ceiling.

The next night while dining with Jimmy a telegram was handed to Bayard.

"Your aunt died this morning—funeral Thursday," it read.

"Well, I hope the dear old lady will be happy in heaven," Bayard said, not without some feeling. "She had persuaded herself that she wasn't here."

"That telegram means a lot to you, doesn't it?" inquired Jimmy, with an air of finality.

"Yes, it does. It means that I'll have a goodly bit of the necessary long green and that Virginia and I can be married."

Some two weeks later Bayard was notified by the express company that there was a package there for him with $40 due on it, shipped from Chicago. Bayard knew at once that it was some of Aunt Lucy's valuable silver sent on to him. Jimmy would lend him the money to pay for it.

The bill was paid, and the big packing case was ordered sent to Virginia's house and Jimmy duly invited around to participate in the unpacking. Hammer and chisels were put to use, and all three of them entered into the gay spirit of the party. Piles of packing were pulled from the box, and finally a heavy gilt frame came to view. Coats were taken off, and the combined strength of Jimmy and Bayard was put to the test. Finally the picture was taken out. It proved to be a life sized portrait of Bayard as a child.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" declared Bayard as he mopped his brow.

"Here's a letter," announced Jimmy as he pulled a long, white envelope from the corner of the frame. Virginia opened it and read aloud:

"Your aunt, Miss Leighton, left her entire estate to charities. She wills and bequeaths to you this portrait of yourself. The portion of the will relating to you reads as follows: 'I leave no money to my dear nephew, Bayard Leighton, because I do not wish to shatter his ideal method of life. He is earning a good salary and has good health. As a slight token of my affection and as a remembrance I leave him the Gilbert portrait of himself which now hangs in my library.'"

"Isn't it a darling!" cried Virginia as she danced about the huge portrait.

"But you can't go to housekeeping with nothing but an old oil painting," demurred Bayard.

"Seems to me," broke in Jimmy, "that there's plenty of wood right here to build the house, and it won't take long to cover the walls. There's the oil painting to begin with. Then we can have that letter framed. I'm sure Bayard never wants to part with that. Then I'll give you a large photograph of myself, and"—

"What's all this nonsense about going to housekeeping?" interrupted Mr. Tracey, Virginia's father, as he came into the room. "When these young people get married—and I wish they'd hurry up about it—they must come and live with me. Virginia can change her name whenever she wants to, but not her residence. And as for this legacy business, I'd rather have a man for my son-in-law who can fight his own way than one who was made by an inheritance."

Mr. Tracey picked his way across the room over the pine boards, chisels and excelsior packing. He took his daughter in one arm as he extended his free hand to Bayard.

"Do you mean it?" sang out Bayard gleefully.

"Mean it?" echoed Mr. Tracey. "Well, I bet I do, and to prove it I'll take Jimmy Bookwalter into the dining room and keep him there until you two settle on a date for the wedding."

The words "dining room" seemed to awaken Jimmy from his stupor. He had a mental picture of a sideboard plentifully stocked with reviving liquors. He announced that he was ready for the proof of Mr. Tracey's assertion, and together they went out of the room, leaving the lovers alone.

A Hypochondriac.

"Pa, what is a hypochondriac?"

"A hypochondriac, Wilfred"—

But just a moment. "Pa" in this anecdote is not a good and kind father, yearning to impart useful information to his son, but one of those smart answer givers whose main object in life is to get into the back pages of the magazines. Such fathers look upon their little sons groping for knowledge as providers of openings for senseless domestic epigrams; hence—but we'll go back.

"Pa" takes off his glasses and looks benignly at his son.

"What did you say, my boy?"

"Pa, what is a hypochondriac?"

That gives "pa" his chance.

"A hypochondriac, Wilfred"—names like Wilfred add humor to this sort of thing; John, for instance, would fall flat, and James would be indefinitely worse; but to resume—"a hypochondriac, Wilfred, is a man who has such a dread of catching cold that whenever he takes a bath he stops up all the holes in the sponge for fear of drafts."

And Wilfred not quite seven years old! Isn't it a shame?—New York Times.

There are many people who suffer from Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago and similar ailments who are not aware these are symptoms of kidney trouble. Pineules for the kidneys act as a tonic and regulator to kidneys and bladder and purify the blood. 30 days' trial $1. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THOSE DUCKS' EGGS.

"It was at Manila in 1883 or 1884, I forget which, that [illegible] Kellar, the magician, [illegible] determined to open my show with a trick involving ducks' eggs and asked the porter at the hotel where [illegible] some [illegible] if they were fresh.

"'Indeed they are,' [illegible] breaking one [illegible]

"It was the rankest looking egg I had ever seen, a disgusting greenish mass. 'Do you call that "fresh"?' I asked indignantly.

"'There are no finer eggs in Manila,' she retorted warmly. 'I've been at this one stand for sixteen years, and you are the first person who has ever questioned the eggs I sell. They are fine eggs—good eggs.' And she turned away from me, as if I wasn't worth talking to.

"And I thought as I walked off that if I could lie with the perfect grace born in that woman I'd be the finest conjurer in the world.

"That afternoon while I was driving with an English friend of mine I recounted the circumstance to him. He laughed. 'My dear Harry,' said he, 'you do not know one of the great delicacies of Manila. There is no finer entree served than one of those semidecayed eggs. They are just two days distant from the hatching stage. Then they are perfect. They are boiled hard, chopped fine and served, and they're delicious. No one here thinks of buying what you understand as fresh eggs. Why, I'll drive you now to where the eggs are prepared for market just to prove the high esteem in which these addled affairs are held here.'

"He drove me along the river Pasig, about three miles above where it empties into Manila bay, and there for a mile or two on both banks of the river I saw scores of natives lying on their bellies, the sun beating down on their backs.

"'Get up,' called my friend to one of them. Up he jumped, and there lay about two dozen duck eggs. 'These fellows,' said my friend as we drove homeward, 'do nothing but lie in the sun all day and bring these eggs up close to the hatching point. When they're properly matured the eggs are brought to market.'

"That night I opened my performance in the Tondo theater. Immediately after the performance we began to close up my conjuring apparatus with carpenters, for every one now said that the typhoon would be along within the hour, and [illegible] hardly had we got [illegible] the street when the roof of that [illegible] The last I saw of it it was going off in the direction of Manila bay.

"[illegible] was only two blocks away, and we made a dash for it [illegible] rain and lightning. But hardly had we got to our rooms when off went the roof of the hotel to join that of the theater. We stayed awake all night, waiting for the hotel to be moved somewhere out into the adjacent country.

"But the morning broke beautifully, and I felt so glad that I determined to have my revenge on my fresh egg woman, who had stood for sixteen years in the market place. So I made some little preparations and again went to market to buy eggs.

"'Fresh,' I quoted, picking an egg from her basket.

"She eyed me disdainfully for a second and then said coldly, 'I told you yesterday I sold none but fresh eggs.'

"'Will you kindly open this for me?' I asked, passing the egg to her.

"She broke it open, and out tumbled the healthiest and most surprised duckling you ever saw.

"The woman's face was a study. 'That is the first time in all my life that any of my eggs were not good,' she gasped.

"'Try this one,' I said suavely, picking another egg from the basket.

"She broke it open, and out toddled another downy duckling. Then her face grew crimson. She hadn't breath to speak.

"'Take this,' I said, and she broke that, only to find duck No. 3.

"Then I pretended to grow angry and called her a cheat, at the same time picking up three more eggs and smashing them together. Three more ducks joined their companions and went quacking around that basket of eggs in all the self consciousness of just being born.

"The woman found her tongue now and began to shout at the top of her voice, calling me 'devil,' 'sorcerer' and other names of a like nature.

"In a minute an angry crowd was around us. The woman was well known in the neighborhood, and her story gained ready credence. Two hands were placed on my shoulders, and I was told I was under arrest, and just then an inspiration struck me. I saw one of my lithographs hung up in a stall opposite. I pointed to it and then to my face, and the crowd understood. I'd run completely out of ducks by that time, but I did half a dozen sleight of hand tricks for the crowd's edification and was followed to my hotel by a cheering mob at my heels.

"But I could never make up my mind to eat that entree of almost hatched duck. The sight of the 'fresh' egg that market woman broke for me on my first day in Manila was enough for me."—Philadelphia Press.

The Trouble.

Knicker—Does Jones put his best foot forward?

Bocker—Yes, but he always puts it in something.—New York Sun.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Fiction

HIS LAST ASSIGNMENT.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN.

The sporting editor rested at the window and drummed on the sash with his pencil. Three blocks away, over the roofs of Newspaper row, a column of flame shot into the night, and the clang of hurrying engines rose sharply from the clattering streets below.

"Great Jehoshaphat! That's a big fire, Chester; close too. Who's got it?"

The city editor came to the window, copy in hand, and flattened his nose against the pane.

"She is a roarer, isn't she? I sent young Stanley out on that. I didn't know it was going to be a big thing or I'd have sent some one else. Looks like more than he can handle, I'm afraid."

The sporting editor ceased his tapping on the window and turned to the speaker.

"Say, Ches, what's the matter with the youngster anyway? From the way he shaped up at first I thought he was going to make a top notcher, but Eddy Rice and the News and Tim Barnes of the Reporter skin him alive whenever they're out on the same assignments. I don't understand it. And he was such a big help to me last winter with that football stuff, too; knew all the team like a book; played on one of 'em year before last, if you remember. He's as steady as a clock and as willing as a boy can be, yet every time he gets a chance to do something big he goes up in the air."

"I know that," said the city editor. "This is strictly on the q. t., but the old man sent for me only last night to talk to me about that very thing. He says the boy hasn't shown any natural aptitude for newspaper work and unless he makes good he'll have to be dropped." And the city editor went back to his blue pencil again.

From down the smoky street came the muffled roar of human voices. The sporting editor threw up the window and leaned out.

"Cheering, by George! Hear 'em, Chester? There must be something doing down there; fireman making a grand stand play most likely. I can see your scare head tomorrow, 'Our Brave Fire Laddies.' Hey?"

Ten minutes later one of the office boys dashed in, breathless and excited.

"Say, Mr. Chester, you otter been down th' street. There's three women up on th' top floor of th' buildin' what's afire, an' everybody thinks they're goners, 'cause th' street's tore up wit' sewers, an' th' firemen can't get in there wit' th' towers. A man gets through th' ropes an' runs across th' street wit' his coat over his head, an' before they could nab him in he goes at th' front door. Th' next we saw of him he was up on th' roof a-lettin' down a piece of rope to th' window where th' women was. Th' rope was only a short one, an' so he hangs him up on th' [illegible] where he is, an' then we seen what he is goin' to do. You know th' three story brick what's next door? Well, they's a wire runs from th' top of th' big buildin' down to th' brick on a slant, about so." And here Bobby indicated an angle of about forty-five degrees. "He hitches th' littlest woman on to this wire wit' a piece of rope an' cuts her loose. I didn't want to look, 'cause I was scared it wouldn't hold her, but it did, an' she got down all right. Then he sends th' next one down. Nobody said a word. We was just holdin' our breath. While he was fixin' on th' last woman th' whole insides of th' buildin' caves in, an' I thought they was both gone for sure, but when th' smoke clears away there he is way on th' edge of th' wall, wi' fire all around him, an' th' last woman is halfway down. Th' rest of th' rope he was savin' for himself must have went down into th' fire, for he looks around for it just once an' then swings out an' comes down that wire hand over hand like a circus actor. When th' crowd saw that he was a-goin' to make it all right they cut loose, an' I bet you could have heard 'em over in Jersey. They swarms around th' brick buildin' to meet him when he comes down, but somehow he makes a clean getaway, an' there don't nobody know who he is nor nothin'."

And Bobby paused for breath, much abashed to find that every one had drawn near to listen.

The city editor threw up his hands and groaned.

"Now, isn't it just my luck to send Stanley out on a story like that? Why, Billy Kimball would have got three columns out of that, besides a signed interview with this unknown person and maybe a picture of him thrown in. Dexter, you go out and get what you can of this, will you?"

An hour afterward a tall, broad shouldered young fellow came quietly into the room and laid a bunch of copy on the city editor's desk. Chester looked up and nodded a greeting, his practiced fingers already sorting the penciled sheets.

"Looks a little sloppy, don't it?" said he. "What's this—blood?"

The young man dived his hand into his coat pocket and replied hurriedly: "Yes. I'm afraid it does look a little that way, but I cut my hand down there, and I haven't had time yet to have it fixed up."

Chester had reached the bottom sheet, and when he spoke again his voice came like the click of a steel trap.

"How does this happen, Stanley? Didn't you see this man get the women off the roof?"

"Yes," said the reporter. "I saw as much of that business as any one did, I guess."

"And do you mean to tell me that such a thing as that is only worth three or four lines of copy? Didn't you make any attempt to find out who the man was or get any story out of him?"

Chester was getting angry now. Stanley's [illegible] across the hush that lay on the room.

"Well, you see, Mr. Chester, it didn't strike me that that business amounted to so very much. Any man would have done the same thing. Don't you think so?"

The city editor was now fairly roused, and his voice rang like a clarion. "Why, good Lord, man, don't you know that the News and the Reporter will everlastingly scoop us on this proposition? Here's a man that takes his life into his bare hands to do a brave thing—to save three women from being burned alive—and because you fall down on the story you try to belittle the whole thing. You ought to be ashamed, sir! Why, tomorrow morning the whole city will be ringing with that man's name, and here we are high and dry and scooped all because it didn't strike you as amounting to much."

The young man was pale, and he mopped at his forehead with his handkerchief, but when he spoke his voice was steady.

"I don't think we'll be scooped this time," said he. "The man slipped away from them all. They haven't any more idea of where he is now than you have, Mr. Chester."

"How do you know that?" rapped out the city editor. "I suppose you know who he is and all about it, eh?"

"Yes," said the young man very quietly. "I know who he is."

The city editor leaned back in his chair and stared, fairly gasping for breath.

"Well, I'm damned!" said he at length. "And you can stand there and tell me that you know who this man was and yet you made no attempt whatever to get the story?"

Stanley bowed his head without a word.

"Then all I've got to say to you is that you've botched this business in a way that ought to everlastingly disgrace the youngest cub reporter on the street."

Stanley stood a moment, swaying slightly, and then putting out a hand to steady himself, he spoke:

"I guess you're right, Mr. Chester," said he. "I know as well as you can tell me that I haven't shown any ability in this line of work. You've been very patient with me, and I appreciate it. I don't suppose there will be any need for me to write out a resignation, will there?" And, turning, he walked out of the room.

The sporting editor caught him at the head of the stairs and laid a kindly hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Harry, old man, I'm awfully sorry. I am for a fact. Don't take what Chester said too much to heart. He's away off tonight anyway. But why didn't you tell him who the man was, Harry?"

The younger man put out his hand, but winced at the grip that met it.

"Joe," said he, "I know I'm not cut out for this business, and it's just as well I quit it now as later, only—only I'm sorry I had to fall down so hard. It wasn't because I didn't know. It would have made a good story, but I can't give the man's name."

The sporting editor spoke quickly. "Why, man, your hand is bleeding! Let's have a look at it."

Across the palm and the joints of the fingers ran deep parallel cuts, and as the sporting editor bent over them a great light came to him. Their eyes met, and the older man's were full of tears.

He strode back to the editorial rooms.

"Chester!" he called, and the city editor looked up. "We've got the man's name, and, by heavens, it's more than a scoop for us!"

The Shortness of Life.

What always strikes one so forcibly is, I think, the shortness of human life compared with other works of nature. The longest life—how short it is! And half of it one can hardly call life, being spent in sleep, which is not real existence.

A French preacher I heard once brought the shortness of life strongly before me by relating in his sermon how a saint in olden days, wishing to impress on himself the rapidity of life's race when he came to years of discretion, placed eighty marbles in a glass jar, each marble to represent a year of human life, giving eighty years as an outside limit [illegible] far exceeding that. Then, taking another glass jar from the first one he took the number of marbles representing the years he had already [illegible] and placed them in the empty jar and then year by year extracted a marble from the other till, more rapidly than he could have dreamed, the two jars contained forty marbles each. Then still more swiftly did each year seem to speed away, and what had so short a time before been the full jar became the nearly empty one till three, two and then only one marble remained, and life, which had looked so long at starting, had swiftly and silently melted away.—C. de la Warr.

Couldn't Stop Talking.

"Now, what are you going to do with that machine?" asks the lady of the photographer, to whom she had been talking continuously since she came into the studio.

"Pardon me, madam," replies the artist, "but the only way I can get your photograph and have a likeness is to take a moving picture."—Chicago Post.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—[illegible], Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—G. W. [illegible], Wellsboro.
[illegible] Assembly—[illegible] A. [illegible], Smethport; R. P. [illegible], Bradford.
District Attorney—[illegible] Bayle, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. [illegible], Smethport.
Prothonotary—[illegible] E. [illegible], Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—R. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jas. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. T. Ovintt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Walter, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sasse.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—C. D. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. P. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—R. S. Rublin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock, p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
[illegible], Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
B. F. WHITING, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. Mo[illegible], Com.
E. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE FAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres't.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 44, meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
[illegible], Pres.
JENNIE [illegible], Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter, No. [illegible], O. E. S.—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA [illegible], Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at [illegible]; preaching at [illegible] a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at [illegible] p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at [illegible] p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 8 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Photo Fancies

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

The Miner and Tribune Farmer

$1.50 per year in advance. Subscribe now



"OH, HE'S ALIVE! HE BREATHES!"

John Cassidy's Sacrifice

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Lydia's eyes strayed over the wide, wooded valley, over the far-off rim of purple hills, and rested wistfully on the tremulous line beyond. She laid her arms along the top of the worn gray bars, and leaned her rosy face upon her tanned, brown hands, and fetched a long sigh from the very bottom of her heart. And still she kept her eyes fixed on that patch of shimmering sky. How well she knew that spot, set apart from all the rest of the spacious empty heavens by two jutting shoulders of the hills!

"I wish, oh, I wish as now I could go! It 'only gran'mother an' gran'dad could go along without me for a spell!"

She turned, picked up her two pails, each half full of water from the spring, and started up the long, stony lane toward the house.

Somewhere far beyond that spot of sky, according to her painstaking calculations and much eager study of the maps in her school geography, lay the city of Lydia's dreams. From early childhood she had heard and read of Boston, and longed for it. Girls whom she knew, her schoolmates, shy, shabby, and awkward, had gone thither, to disappear from her view for a year or two. They had returned in glorious apparel, self-confident and full of tongue, to dazzle down all criticism in their quiet Nova Scotian backwoods settlement.

Lydia had it in her mind that she would never learn those bold glances and that loud, chatti-ring in Boston, but her imagination was all on fire with dreams and ambitions, which in Boston only, she thought, could ever find fulfilment. It was not lack of money that kept her chained and fretting on the old farm of Stony-Lonesome, as John Cassidy's place was called.

It was with a very anguish of apprehension that Lydia's grandparents watched her growing restlessness. Their fear was no mere selfish passion. The grandmother, indeed, a gentle, motherly woman, would sit rocking in the sunny porch, and thinking, thinking, thinking of what Stony-Lonesome would be without "Lyddy." Far worse than this, to John Cassidy, was a black horror of Boston, which lay like a nightmare on his soul. He loved Lydia with all the pent-up force of a grim, undemonstrative nature; yet the thought of his own pain at losing the sunshine of her presence hardly touched him. His dreams were racked with visions of Lydia's ruin. He had never seen a city, and he had imagination. In his eyes Boston was a sort of Babylon, where vice, in grotesquely leering shapes (fashioned from boyish memories of an illustrated copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress"), caught openly in the streets at the white skirts of innocence.

Lydia knew that her grandfather hated Boston with a hate that would endure no argument; and she knew that her grandmother also trembled at the name. The reason for this, however, was far indeed from her remotest guess. The old, old tragedy was at the foundation of it. Lydia's mother, grown heartsick at 18 with the bright desolation of Stony-Lonesome, had shaken off restraint and fled away to Boston. After two years at service there she had come back to Stony-Lonesome, broken with pain and shame, deserted by a false lover. Her mother, taking her back to her aching heart, had striven to comfort her; but her father, for three long, bitter months, had held sternly aloof from her contrition. Then, forgiving her upon her death-bed, in an agony of love and grief which she had pitifully tried to soothe, he had taken her child to his heart with a consuming devotion. To him, thenceforth, life found expression only in terms of Lydia. This was the name her dying mother had bestowed upon the child.

As for the name "Stony-Lonesome," never was appellation more apt. John Cassidy's father, an eccentric recluse, had built his house upon a hill on the remotest edge of Brine settlement. The farm had good land attached to it, in the adjacent valley; but the long, round hill, licked naked by an ancient conflagration, was of niggard soil and thick-sown with granite boulders. The house was built so well that time appeared unwilling to try conclusions with it, and so warmly that its occupants did not suffer from its bleak situation. Low-walled and wide, rain-washed to a gray which blended with the surrounding stones, it seemed an outgrowth of the hill itself. The front door was still yellow. At one corner arose, like a steeple, the stiff gray form of a Lombardy poplar, the only tree on the hill. At the other corner, where the ell straggled off beanly from the main house, stood a huge lightning-rod to catch the rain water from the roof. A little square of garden, sloping from the front door, and fenced with low walls of stones carefully piled, was bright with sweet-william and bachelor's-button and phlox. This patch of color took on a curious pathos from the wide severity which it so vainly strove to soften. The maple barns, which as a rule succeed in giving a certain kindly air to the bleakest scene, were hidden behind the house at Stony-Lonesome.

As Lydia gracefully and steadily, carrying her two pails of water, reached the top of the hill and turned the corner toward the kitchen door, John Cassidy lifted his eyes from his corn-hoeing in the lower field. He saw Lydia pause at the corner of the house and cast one lingering backward look across the valley toward three notch in the hills. He had watched her at this before, and had come to know what it meant. He trembled, and muttered to himself, "She's got it! The p'ison's workin' in her blood! That's what's, makin' her fret so, longin' to be away to that hell on earth, Lydia, Lydia, I'd rather see your deep, young eyes shet white an' fast in death than see ye go like your poor mother done!"

Then, with knit brows and set lips, he went on with his hoeing, till presently Lydia appeared in the kitchen door and blew a long, echoing note on the great shell which served as a dinner horn. John Cassidy straightened his back, threw down the hoe, and started for the house; and the hired man appeared, coming from behind a copse further down the valley.

The hired man sat down at the dinner table along with Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy and Lydia. His name was Job. A pair of kind but shrewd blue eyes twinkled under his pale and bushy eyebrows, giving an alert look to his otherwise heavy face, which was round, red and hairless. After shoveling a huge quantity of fish and potatoes into his mouth, using his knife for the purpose, he stopped for breath.

"Jim Ed Barnes come by as I was workin' in the back lot this forenoon," said he.

"What did Jim Ed have to say for himself?" asked Lydia.

"He was tellin' me," answered Job, "how fine his sister Ellen was littin' it off in Bawston."

Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy looked at each other. The old man's face paled slightly, while his wife made a hasty effort to change the subject.

"Did he say how his mother's leg was gittin'?" she inquired, with an excellent assumption of eagerness on her large, gentle face.

But Lydia interrupted. "What's she doing, Job? And how is she gittin' along? And how does she like it in Bawston?" she queried breathlessly.

"Why," said Job, "she's got to be forewoman in a big millin'ry store. She was always neat-fingered, y' know, an' took natural to that kinder thing. An' now she's makin' money, I reckon! Why, Jim Ed says as how she sent home two hundred dollars yesterday to help pay off the mortgage on their place."

The potato which he was eating became to John Cassidy as dry as sawdust, and stuck in his throat. He heard Lydia burst out with the cry he had so long been dreading.

"Oh, gran'dad, oh, gran'mother," she pleaded, "if only I could go for a little spell an' try it! I know I could do well,—I feel it in me,—an' I'd so love to help you pay off that mortgage on Stony-Lonesome that gives you so much bother every year!"

Seeing their faces of denial, she would not give them time to speak, but went on hastily: "An' I'd come back every summer, for sure! Oh, it will break my heart to leave you, I know; but my heart seems just bursting to go, too. An' you both know I'd come back when you got old an' needed me; an' then I'd stay with you always!"

"Lyddy, Lyddy," exclaimed her grandmother in a quivering voice, "don't we need you now, an' all the time? Think what it would be for us if you took away the only sunshine that's left for us in Stony-Lonesome?. As for the mortgage, it ain't nothing!"

But John Cassidy turned to the man. "What do you know," he asked harshly, "of the awful dangers, an' the scarlet iniquities, an' all the wrunks an' woes that crishes the soul in a city? How far have ye ever been from Brine settlement?"

"No further 'n Halifax, Mr. Cassidy," said Job, cheerfully, "'cept maybe round the world once or twice, when I was a lad an' followed the sea!"

He paused in pardonable triumph, but as John Cassidy had no answer on his tongue, he went on: "An' I've found human natur' pretty much the same everywheres. I reckon 'tain't no worse in Bawston than in Brine settlement, all in all!"

"You know," began Lydia excitedly, "now, while you an' gran'dad have each other, an' so well an' strong, and—and—young, in fact, now's the time for me to go—"

But at this point the look in her grandfather's face stopped her right short, her sentence dangling weakly in the air. Could he be a little—just a little—touched on the subject of Boston, she wondered. At least, she would drop the subject for the present, and await a more auspicious hour for resuming it. As she came to this conclusion, her grandmother spoke again.

"You're so young yet, Lyddy. Surely you can stay a bit longer in the old nest. Hain't the old folks got some claim on you yet?" she pleaded.

And Lydia, still glancing furtively and uneasily at her grandfather's face, replied: "Yes, dear. We won't talk any more about it now,—not this summer at all," she added, with sudden resolution, followed by a sigh.

John Cassidy could not trust himself to speak on the subject, so he proceeded to give Job directions about the afternoon's work. Dinner was done, and Lydia set herself to clearing the table.

John Cassidy wandered aimlessly about the kitchen, cutting his tobacco and filling his black clay pipe, till Lydia, having mixed a dish of potatoes and cornmeal, went out to feed a crop of chickens back of the barn. Then he stood still in front of his wife.

"Oh, John, how are we goin' to keep her to home without makin' her feel as "how she's in a prison?" moaned Mrs. Cassidy, rocking herself to and fro.

"That's the trouble, Marthy," said he, slowly. "I can't bear to make her feel that way. An' she sees other girls goin'. An' oh, the restin spirit's in her blood. We must git her more books, an' let her go round more an' have a good time. I hain't quite understood her in the past, maybe."

"But she'll want to go next winter, John. An' we'll have to let her go, or she'll git to hate Stony-Lonesome an' fret herself to death."

"I'll see her dead," said John Cassidy slowly through white lips, "afore I'll let her go!" Then the fire smoldered down in his heart, and he went on: "But we'll try to wean her from it, Marthy; an' maybe God 'll help us. He didn't help us much the other time, about Maggie, but maybe he'll hear us now. There's that organ the agent over to the Corners was tryin' to sell me. We'll git it. Lydia's been wantin' one this long time."



Her Work at the House Was Calling Her.

He stopped abruptly as Lydia came in with the empty dish. Putting a light to his pipe he went out at once. Lydia had caught his last words, and now she saw her grandmother's eyes red and swollen. Her heart was torn with divided emotions. She was angry at the idea of being bribed, like a child, to give up what she looked upon as her serious ambitions. She told herself that the young had a right, a sacred right, to carve out their fortunes; and she was full of the idea that she had talents,—of just what nature she was hardly yet quite sure. At the same time, she loved her grandparents more deeply even than she herself suspected; and now, realizing as she had never done before the pain which she would cause them by her going, she shrank at the thought of it. She did think of it, however, nearly all that night; and rising in the morning, dull-eyed, from a sleepless pillow, she told her grandparents that for a whole year, at least, she would say no more of Boston. Their joy was an illumination to her. A gladder sunshine seemed to stream down upon Stony-Lonesome, and she heard her grandfather whistling like a boy over his work in the cornfield. For days she herself had a calm, contented spirit, and turned her eyes no more to the notch in the hills.

It could not be expected that this contentment, couched so abruptly, should prove lasting. In a few weeks the young girl felt again the sting of the old restlessness. But she would not let it appear. In the autumn, when several girls of her acquaintance went away, full of amazing content ash, the gnawing fever in her veins grew almost intolerable. She fought it with a resolution which might have reassured John Cassidy as to her moral fiber; but it took its revenge by stealing from her cheeks the color and round young curves. The old people noted this, and grieved over it, and redoubled their furtive efforts to amuse her. Lydia wept at night over the struggle, but succeeded, after a time, in cultivating a cheery lightness of manner that deceived and relieved her grandparents. All through the spring and summer they grew more and more happily reassured; and all the time, under the restraint which she had put upon herself, the fire in Lydia's heart gathered heat.

At last, with the next coming of the fall, and the going of the birds, and the aching unrest which troubles the blood when the days grow short and chill with the diminishing year, Lydia could bear it no longer. She cried out to them one day, with a sudden storm of tears, that she must go away; that they must let her go for a little while, to come back to Stony-Lonesome in the spring. The poor little house of cards which the old people had been building all summer came straightway to the ground in piteous ruin.

John Cassidy said nothing. The look upon his face cut Lydia to the heart, but she hardened herself to meet it. It had been his rule in bringing the girl up to cross her wishes but firmly, and then with a finality that left no more to say. Now he shrank from coercion into a direct conflict with her will. That his fresh command would keep her at home, at least for the present, he knew; but he feared the ultimate result. With haggard eyes he gazed at Lydia for a few moments; then got up and went out. His wife set herself to pleading, with tears and tender entreaties, and arguments which Lydia had already threshed over and over in her own mind, to turn the girl from her purpose. But Lydia was now in the full torrent of reaction from her long self-control, and neither argument nor entreaty could touch her. She fled to her own room, her handkerchief reduced to a wet and crumpled ball, her eyes red and angry. Throwing herself on her face upon the bed, she tried hard to fix her mind on such details as what clothes she would take with her and what little she would get away. She thought and thought, but her grandfather's haggard eyes kept thrusting themselves between her and her plans, till she sprang up and set herself feverishly to an examination of her wardrobe.

Downstairs Mrs. Cassidy sat rocking to and fro, dropping hot tears upon the gray woolen sock which she was knitting. In her heart was a dark, half-realized phantom of a fear that her husband, in his anger, might do something dreadful to Lydia. She remembered that sudden, awful threat which had been wrung from him; and though she had lived with him these 40 years, she did not even yet know the tenderness of his rugged heart. She trembled, and waited for what might happen.

John Cassidy came in, an hour later, and got his coat. He had harnessed up his old driving horse, and was going in to the Corners,—"to do an arr'nd," he said, in answer to his wife's query. In fact, he felt that he would have to get away from Stony-Lonesome in order to think clearly. He was bewildered by the problem which confronted him. But it was an unheard-of thing for him to go in to the Corners without taking Lydia along. The girl watched him from the window as the wagon went jolting down the lane, and read his bitterest rebuke in this solitary departure. It made her feel as if she were suddenly thrust out of his life. A keen foretaste of homesickness came over her.

As John Cassidy, with bent head and hands that scarcely felt the reins they held, moved along the quiet country road, his thoughts fell over one another in harassing confusion. At last, however, a definite purpose began to take shape. What if he should—quietly kill himself? If he were to throw himself from the wagon over some steep bank, on the way home that night, the world, or at least Brine settlement, would call it an accident. And then Lydia would never have the heart to leave her widowed grandmother alone. John Cassidy shook at the thought, for he was a religious man, of the strictest sect of the Baptists. But after all, what, to him, was his own soul compared with Lydia's? He would take hell itself gladly, if thereby he might pluck Lydia from the brink. By the time he approached the Corners he had about made up his mind. He was planning the details minutely; and while this awful purpose, this incomparable heroism, was revolving in his brain, passers-by saw only a gray, and weary looking man bent over the reins, his eyes so fixed upon his horse's head that he hardly returned their salutations.

Still scrutinizing the dread burden in his heart, he went as usual to the post office, and then to the village grocery for a bag of "feed." He tested the feed as critically, and questioned the price as frugally (gaining a few cents of discount because of a musty spot in the bag), as if he were just going home to fodder the cattle, and make a hearty meal of buckwheat cakes. As he passed out of the shop, between a pile of codfish on one side and a dark-streaked molasses hogshead on the other, one of the group of men who occupied the counters and biscuit boxes remarked to him, "I hear Lyddy's talkin' of goin' to Bawston this winter!"

John Cassidy glared blankly at the speaker, and went on without replying. When he was out of earshot a buzz of talk arose, and the old unhappy story of Lydia's mother was repeated, with many rustic embellishments.



The Bush Gave Way and He Dropped.

But of the question and the questioner John Cassidy thought not at all. Just as he was getting into the wagon a new idea flashed upon his mind, and at once his whole plan fell to pieces. It occurred to him that if he were gone Lydia would soon pack her grandmother away to Boston. The cold sweat came out upon his forehead as he saw how near he had been to throwing away his own soul, while in the very act throwing Lydia onward to a swifter ruin.

As he drove slowly down out of the village and into the wide twilight country, his head drooped lower over the reins. It was characteristic of the measureless unselfishness of the man that now having, as he truly believed, just escaped with his soul, he was not glad. His brain lay dumb as a log in the black wilderness of dejection.

The country road was winding and variable, with here a swampy hollow and there a rocky steep. At last the moon came up, red, full and distorted, and stared John Cassidy in the face. The jogging horse, the lean, high wagon, and the bent form on the seat cast grotesquely dancing shadows behind them. The naked stumps and ramrod-like fir trees cast other shadows, which pointed straight at John Cassidy in solemn stillness and with strange, unanimous meaning. The wagon reached a spot where the road was narrow, with a little bridge and a steep bank on one side. John Cassidy's face lit up. He stopped the horse and looked down at the confusion of stones some six or eight feet below, with a rivulet prattling thinly just beyond them.

"If I kind of drop myself over there," said he, meditatively, "I ain't goin' to run no great resk of killin' myself. No, sir! It'll break an arm or a leg, maybe, or put a shoulder out o' j'int,—enough to lay me up, that's all. With her grandfather a cripple"—here he winced, and looked around as if some one else had spoken the hated word in his ear,—"with me a cripple, I say," he repeated, obstinately, "Lydia couldn't never think of goin' away."

He got out of the wagon, told the horse to go home, and struck him lightly with the whip.

"Even if I kin hold her back a year or so," mused John Cassidy, still looking down at the stones, "it's worth the while. She'll have sense, will Lydia, when she gits a little older. I wonder, now, if Job 'll git the potatoes in all right 'thout my help, an' not mix the upland crop with them from the wet medder field?"

Now that he saw his way clear to the rescue of Lydia, the farmer's natural anxieties about the harvest again seized upon John Cassidy's mind; but only for an instant; the next he let himself topple over the bank, half-turning back as he fell, and clutching nervously at a wayside bush. The bush gave way at once, and he dropped heavily among the stones. In an instant he was on his feet again, staring around in a dazed way, and wondering how it was that he could stand up. Jumping to the conclusion that the fall had done him no injury, he made a start as if to climb back and try it again. But his knees failed, and he ground his teeth with a sudden pervading anguish, while the red moon seemed to reel and totter amid the tree tops. Then consciousness faded from his brain.

Meanwhile the old horse had jogged faithfully homeward. The reins, slipping from the dashboard, trailed along the ground, till the horse turned in at the lane of Stony-Lonesome. Just then they caught and held on a projecting root, and the horse at once stopped. Half an hour later Job came down the lane to fetch water from the spring, and found the horse standing there patiently with the empty wagon behind him.

Job saw at once that something serious had happened. He ran perhaps a hundred yards along the road; then, realizing that he would be likely to need help, he sped back to the house for Lydia. Fearing to alarm Mrs. Cassidy, he asked the girl to take a step down the lane with him, it being such an "uncommon fine night." She was on the point of an abrupt refusal, when she caught the grave and anxious meaning in his eyes.

"All right, Job," said she, with a sudden vague apprehension, "I'll git my hat an' come right along."

She ran after the man, and overtook him half way down the lane. "What's the matter?" she asked, breathlessly.

Job pointed to the horse and empty wagon, plainly visible a few rods below.

"Where is he?" she gasped, clutching at Job's arm.

"Back along the road somewheres, likely," said Job. "I thought as how I might need help to lift him."

Lydia tried to question further, but the voice died in her aching throat, and she hurried on beside the man in stunned silence. A succession of dreadful forebodings flashed through her mind. She kept repeating to herself that she had killed her grandfather. Then they came to the wagon. Job turned the horse. She climbed to the wagon-seat, and sat with her fingers twisting and untwisting, as Job drove rapidly back along the road to the Corners.

The moon was higher and whiter now, and every object along the roadside stood out sharply. They came to the little bridge. They stopped, and cried out as with one voice when they saw John Cassidy's white lying in the road. Then they sprang out of the wagon, and Lydia was down the bank in an instant, she knew not how. Kneeling in the edge of the stream, which she noticed not at all, she raised her grandfather's bleeding face to her bosom.

"Oh, he's alive! He breathes!" she cried in a high, breaking voice of joy, who was stooping over her.

When the old man had been carried home and laid in his own bed he was still unconscious. Mrs. Cassidy, white and stern and tearless, took everything out of Lydia's hands, and astonished the girl by her swift energy and readiness. After what seemed weeks of waiting the doctor came. Having found a broken shoulder, he set it, and then announced that unless there was concussion of the brain the patient would almost certainly recover, though but slowly. Upon this Mrs. Cassidy went into another room, where she could not hear her husband's heavy breathing, and threw her apron over her face.

She had sat there for perhaps half an hour when Lydia stole in to try and comfort her; but she turned on the girl bitterly. She was no longer the doting grandmother, but the grief-stricken wife, fierce at the pain which Lydia had caused her husband. By that deep intuition which may at times, we know not how, illumine a woman's heart, she saw that Lydia had been in some way the cause of the accident. And Lydia saw it too, though there appeared to be no reasonable ground for such a conclusion. A few bitter words from the resentful woman and Lydia also knew what had been so tenderly hidden from her—the story of her mother's ruin. With bowed head and bleeding heart she crept back to her grandfather's bed and crouched down beside it, with her face buried in the quilt.

For days John Cassidy's life hung upon a thread. He was delirious most of the time, and seeing Lydia's bright head so continually hanging over his pillow, his wanderings for the most part concerned themselves with her. From scattered phrases of his delirium and half-formed mutterings and appeals which wrung her soul, Lydia learned how little of accident there had been in the stroke which had overthrown her grandfather.

This knowledge, uncovering to her as it did the deeps of his devotion, pierced her with a pang that was not all pain. The remorseful anguish of it was lightened by the thought of such love enfolding her. This thought was like balm to the shame which had burned her spirit ever since that cruel revelation of her grandmother's. Under the scorching experiences of those grievous days Lydia's nature ripened.

On an afternoon of Indian summer, one of those days when winter, though close at hand, seems to have fallen asleep and forgotten his purpose, Lydia stood again by the bars with her two pails of spring water. She gazed across the wide country to the mysterious notch in the hills. The patch of sky, melting in an indescribable violet haze, looked nearer than ever before, but it drew her not as before. She looked at it with a sort of pensive tenderness, the indulgence which one gives to a dream outgrown. Then she went back to the house, and presently up to her grandfather's bedside.

As she leaned over him, John Cassidy opened sane eyes and looked at her. The sickness had left his brain. Lydia gave a little sob of joy, fell on her knees, and dropped her face to the pillow beside his.

"Grandfather," she said, "I don't want any more to go away. I am going to live here always."

The tone, as much as the words, contented him. With a smile he moved his lips against her face for a moment, and then fell softly into a healing sleep.

Subscribe for the MINER

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup is guaranteed. This is because we know what it will do and want to convince you. It is especially recommended for children as it is pleasant to take and is gently laxative. For coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, whooping cough. Price 25, 50 and $1.00. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Kodol

FOR INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. RELIEVES SOUR STOMACH, BELCHING, ETC.

Guaranteed To Give Satisfaction or Your Money Back.

If after using two bottles of Kodol you can honestly say it has not benefited you, return the bottle containing one third of the medicine to the dealer from whom you bought it, and we will refund your money.

Town ..... State .....

Sign here .....

CUT THIS OUT

E. C. DeWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth

HE WAS MISTAKEN.

The Young Army Officer Was Not a Coward After All.

At the battle of Santiago a surgeon going to the front came upon a young officer sitting beside the road trembling, like a leaf and whiter than the dead men around him. At sight of the surgeon he began to talk.

"I'm a coward. I'm a coward. I'm a coward," he said. "I knew I'd run, and I did. O Lord, I wish you'd kill me! I'm disgraced forever. I just got scared. I knew I would. I was going along all right, not thinking of anything but getting at the dashed Spaniards, yelling at my men to come on and running ahead as fast as I could, when all of a sudden I stubbed my toe or something, and then I can't remember being scared, but I must have been, for I came galloping back here sick as a dog. Oh, I feel so awfully gone! I'm a blanked coward, and I wish I was dead. O Lord, why doesn't somebody shoot me? I've got such an awful goneness right here." And he put his hand to his stomach. The surgeon gave him a quick look and caught him as he plunged forward in a faint. Where the awful goneness was a Mauser bullet had found its billet. They carried the wounded man to the field hospital, and he chuckled all the way.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" he said over and over. "I wasn't scared! I wasn't scared!" And then he would laugh delightedly. "I wasn't scared! I was hit! I was just hit! I ain't a coward after all!"—Washington Post.

FICTION AND FACT.

Dreams of Authors That Have Been Turned into Realities.

The delver among old books often finds, says the Berlin Umschau, prophecies made by writers which in their day were nothing but romance. This can be so easily observed by reading the works of Jules Verne, and there are also books in which airships, the telephone, photography and the motor wagon have been spoken of generations before these were accomplished facts. A novel entitled "Der Kluge Mann," published by Voss & Co., Leipsic, 1705, by an author named Cramer shows a Roentgen picture. The story tells of the Countess Abillinin, who gave her heart to the knight Gibello. The knightly lover was thoughtless enough, however, to kill his ladylove's father, and her affection turned to hatred, and she vowed to kill him. In a dream she saw the man who had fascinated her, and she stood ready to kill him, when suddenly his form changed, and before her stood a grinning skeleton, saying, "I have already been punished." This scene is illustrated in the old book, and the picture is not unlike a Roentgen photography, but when it was published no one probably would have believed that science, within a comparatively short time would make it possible to produce this picture, which the author's imagination invented.

Kaffirs' Love Letters.

The Basutos prove an interesting study. Not that they have any depths of character, but theirs is a very happy go lucky nation. These South Africans are romantic and sentimental, but it's all on the surface. Here are a few amusing paragraphs from Kaffirs' love letters:

"My sweet flowers, the ink and the paper are very glad, because they will see your dear, beautiful face, but the the pen and me are truly sad, for we are staying behind!"

"My love for you is burning like a paraffin stove."

"Oh, you are so beautiful! You look like a peacock sitting under a willow tree!"

"My love for you is as true as a clock that keeps the time!"

A Little Case of Telepathy.

"There is nothing strange to me in the operation of one mind upon another," the telepathic woman said. "Once when my sister I am very fond of was operated on I went with her and sat in the anteroom a long way off from the operating room—that is, I walked up and down there, worried to death nearly about her, when all at once I threw myself into a big armchair and went sound asleep. They had just given her the ether then, so her mind was at rest, and rested mine. I slept until she came out from under the influence."

Lucky Will.

Amateur actor (who has just concluded a performance of the part of Hamlet, to a friend who has been one of the audience)—Well, old fellow, don't you feel inclined to congratulate some one?

Friend—Indeed, I do.

Amateur (with vainglorious mien)—May I so far infringe on modesty as to ask his name?

Friend—Certainly. His name is Shakespeare, and I heartily congratulate him on his unavoidable absence.

More Darkness.

"I'm all in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife.

"Well, Henry," said she as she pulled out a colored one and laid it on the pile, "you will be in you don't pay that one, for it's the gas bill."

Unmusical.

Critique—Ah, Wagner and Strauss give us the music of the future! Caustique—Well, after hearing some of it one has a curiosity to know what the noise of the future is going to be like.—Boston Traveler.

Save Money.

"Did your husband have any sort of luck at the races yesterday?"

"Splendid! The street car system broke down, and he didn't get there till they were all over."—Judge.

Brains on the Farm.

Agriculture is everywhere being recognized as the coming industry. The old notion that the man who works with his intellect more than with his muscle is not a real farmer, but only a imitation, is fast becoming relegated to the background.—Business Man's Magazine.

A LECTURE FOR HIM.

Why the Bright Little Woman Scored Her Thoughtless Husband.

A bright little woman was recently overheard lecturing her husband as follows:

"Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Not half an hour before you said to Mr. Potter, 'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went holding his arm and not giving him a chance to decline.

"When we met John Howes on our way to luncheon you said: 'Just in time, John. Come take lunch with us.' And then tonight, when we had to wait an hour for the train, you looked at your watch, turned on me and said in a questioning way, 'Would you like a cup of coffee?' And I did want it. I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainted before I would have accepted such an invitation. And you went away a little bit vexed with me and had your coffee and bread and butter by yourself and didn't enjoy them very much. In effect you said to me, 'If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you.'

"You are the best husband in the world, but do as nearly as all the best husbands do.

"Why do you men seem to dole out things to your wives when you freely throw them to the men you know? Why didn't you invite me heartily as you invite men? Why didn't you say, 'Come, let's get a little coffee and something,' and take me straight away with you?

"You wouldn't say to a man, 'Would you like me to go and buy you a cigar?' Then why do you always design your little invitations to treats in that way to me?

"Indeed, if men would only act toward their wives as heartily, cordially and frankly as they do toward the men whom they meet they would find cheerier companions at home than they could at the club."—San Francisco Chronicle.

PRICE OF A THRONE.

Luxury Expenditures at the Court of Napoleon.

One of the oldest Paris firms for gold and silk embroideries, a house which had already served Louis XVI. and his court with highly artistic needlework is still in possession of its accounts of former centuries. An inspection of these books reveals a brief summary of the luxury expenditures of the French court, the Bonapartistic as well as the bourbonistic. Napoleon I., who for his own wants was, in contrast to the wonderthrifty Josephine, very economical, went, though, to a large expense when it was for representative purposes. The bonorary frock which he had to pay for the embroidery on his coronation robe he did not consider too high a price. But his embroidered frock coat that had cost him 3,500 francs and which became too tight for him not long after its first year he ordered to be widened by pieces of cloth and the new seams to be covered with embroideries. The bill for his theatre, however, foots up to a pretty considerable amount. The outer drapery of purple velvet, trimmed with gold lace, was 10,200 francs. The red velvet panels were strewn with inworked golden bees at 5 francs apiece and above the fauteuil the emperor's coat-of-arms was seen in raised embroidery; total cost, 16,200 francs. The inner drapery consisted of blue satin with gold lace at 9,600 francs. Gold embroidered stripes for the inner trimming cost 8,500 francs. Embroidery on the blue velvet fauteuil amounted to 3,920 francs, the foot cushion to 1,200. In addition there were 3,000 bees on the embroidered panels of the baldachin at the price of 5,250 francs. Altogether the price of Napoleon's throne was 80,070 francs.—Harper's.

Delightful Gift.

Little Miss Hamlin is a grateful soul, and her many relations find it a pleasure to do her kindnesses and present her with appropriate gifts.

"You certainly were well remembered on your birthday," said a friend. "What did your uncle, Dr. Grantham, give you?"

"He hasn't given it to me yet," said little Miss Hamlin, "but next month, when he isn't quite so busy, he's going to give me my appendicitis operation. Isn't that good of him?"—Youth's Companion.

Qualified to Do It.

"Did you know," said the tooth carpenter, looking up from his paper, "that the Indians practiced dentistry in the earliest times?"

"I didn't know it," replied the man who had once sat in a dentist's chair, "but I am not at all surprised. The Indians have always been a brutal and cruel race."

Then he laughed gleefully, forgetful of the fact that there was still time for the dentist to add $15 or $20 to his bill.—Chicago Post.

Not His Heart.

Parson—Good morning, Mrs. Stubbins. Is your husband home? Mrs. Stubbins—He's home, sir, but 'e's abed. Parson—How is it that he didn't come to church on Sunday? You know we must have our hearts in the right place. Mrs. Stubbins—Lor', sir, 'is 'eart's all right. It's 'is trousers.—London Truth.

Unavoidable.

"Do you think a man ought to be greater than his party?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "it isn't desirable. But sometimes you can't prevent a man's party from shrinking."—Washington Star.

Keep Out of Debt.

The man who is deeply in debt has put a halter round his neck which his creditors can pull taut at any time. He is no longer his own master. Other men know his necessities, make him "approachable." His integrity is suspected, his honesty questioned.

Test Case for Smallpox.

It was Lady Mary Montagu who introduced into England the principle of inoculation for smallpox. She learned this in Constantinople, and first tried its efficacy on her own son before giving it to the world.

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without there—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

Splendid Dairy Farm With Fine Location On $1,000 Payment

We offer for sale a finely located farm of 128 acres, ½ mile from Belmont, N. Y., on R. F. D., and telephone line. Land lays smooth, work land is level. All cleared or in pasture except about 15 acres timber, mainly sugar maples. Running spring water at house and barn. Fine young orchard of about 60 trees. Ten-room house in good repair with new roof and newly papered and painted inside, the cellar and large wood house. Large horse barn, hay barn, cow barn with basement and new silo, good tool house. This farm is especially adapted for dairying and will carry 30 cows and a good paying milk route could be established. This farm is ½ mile from cheese factory and condensory, ½ mile from school and railroad station. Belmont is the county seat of Allegany county and a good market town. We offer this farm with a rake, mowing machine, milk wagon, bob sleds and some other tools for only $5,200. Terms $1,000 cash, balance on easy yearly payments. Possession March 1. Write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,

Bolivar, N. Y.

Fancy Goods.

I have opened my new store one door east of the Hotel Imperial and am displaying an exceptionally fine line of Silks, Linens, Drawn Work and Fancy Articles.

Call and see the display.

Mrs. Freda Thomas,

Smethport, - Penna.

NEW, UP TO DATE STATIONERY

—at—

Armstrong's Drug Store

OPPOSITE ORANGE BANK

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single and double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,

Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $293,000.00

Resources about $900,000.0

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.

Pays interest on time deposits.

Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.

Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.

Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN, ORLO J. HAMLIN, RALPH E. BURDICK, FRED D. GALLUP, JOHN FORBES, JAMES A. McKEAN, C. D. COMES, CHARLES McKEAN, E. H. REDFIELD

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.



E-765

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

INSURANCE!

"IT is better to have IT, and not need IT, than to need IT, and not have IT"

Insure your life in the Equitable.

Insure your property in

C. A. BURDICK'S Insurance Agency.

Fire, Life, Accidental, Automobile, Boiler, Burglary INSURANCE, and Surety bonds, placed in Reliable Companies.

Call, Telephone or Write.

C. A. BURDICK.

Bell 'Phone 18-B Smethport, Pa.

Buffalo's Great Popular Department Store,

460-470 Main Street.

H. A. MELDRUM CO.

We Open the New Fall Suits for Women

With two offers never before equaled in Buffalo—or anywhere else. We will fill your mail order—or if you come here in person, we refund your railroad fare under the conditions of the Retail Merchants' Board.

Fashionable Man-tailored Suits of Broadcloth, Cheviot and Striped Worsted—three-quarter semi-fitted coats, double or single breasted, lined entirely with soft satin—full-flaring skirt with wide fold. Choice of green, brown, wine, grey and black $15.00

Beautifully Tailored Suits of Striped Worsted or Broadcloth—coat 36 inches long, lined with guaranteed satin, and trimmed with tailored straps of same material—two-fold collar and turnback cuffs. The full-flaring skirt has self-folds. Choice of all the newest shades $19.75

This month we are selling the Rug Stock of a big Department Store which we bought under price. Save a heap of money on your New Rug!

Join Our Fall Piano Club!

Get a $275.00 Piano for $195.00—pay $5.00 down and $1.00 weekly—and besides, we give your son or daughter a course of 20 Free Lessons in the Celebrated (Buffalo) Elmwood Conservatory of Music.

H. A. Meldrum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun. Light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued, 130 pages with a handsome art cover. Sent FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

As Cheap as the Cheapest

yet it gives the steadiest, most uniform artificial Light known.

"Family Favorite" LAMP OIL

Don't buy any old kind of oil—from tank wagons and promiscuous sources. Get "Family Favorite" from the original barrel direct from our refineries. You are then absolutely sure of the best light to be had—for none. "Family Favorite" will not smoke, and or flicker; will not char wick or "frost" chimney. Burns to last drop, full and bright.

Ask your dealer. Make him show you the barrel.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., Independent Refiners, PITTSBURG, PA.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Sherman Gordon,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa

P. D. [illegible],

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. [illegible],

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly.

V. H. BOUTON

ATTY-AT-LAW

Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

All business given careful attention. Backus Building, opposite Court House.

Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—

Office in Drug Store.

Calls answered promptly day or night.

Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Lounsbe's furniture shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

C. E. Bonnighoff,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.,

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, opposite Court House, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE

DENTIST

All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Crowding and satisfaction guaranteed.

Prices Right. OVER 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

OFFICE: MAIN ST.

J. V. McALPIN,

Dentist

Hours, { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5

Odd Fellows' Building

SMETHPORT, - - PA.

C. M. COLEGROVE

COUNTY SURVEYOR

SMETHPORT, PENNA

Office at residence, 101 W. King St.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.

F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.

This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

T. H. PURTLE, Prop.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of

STOVES

think of

STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES RUBIN BLOCK. SMETHPORT